

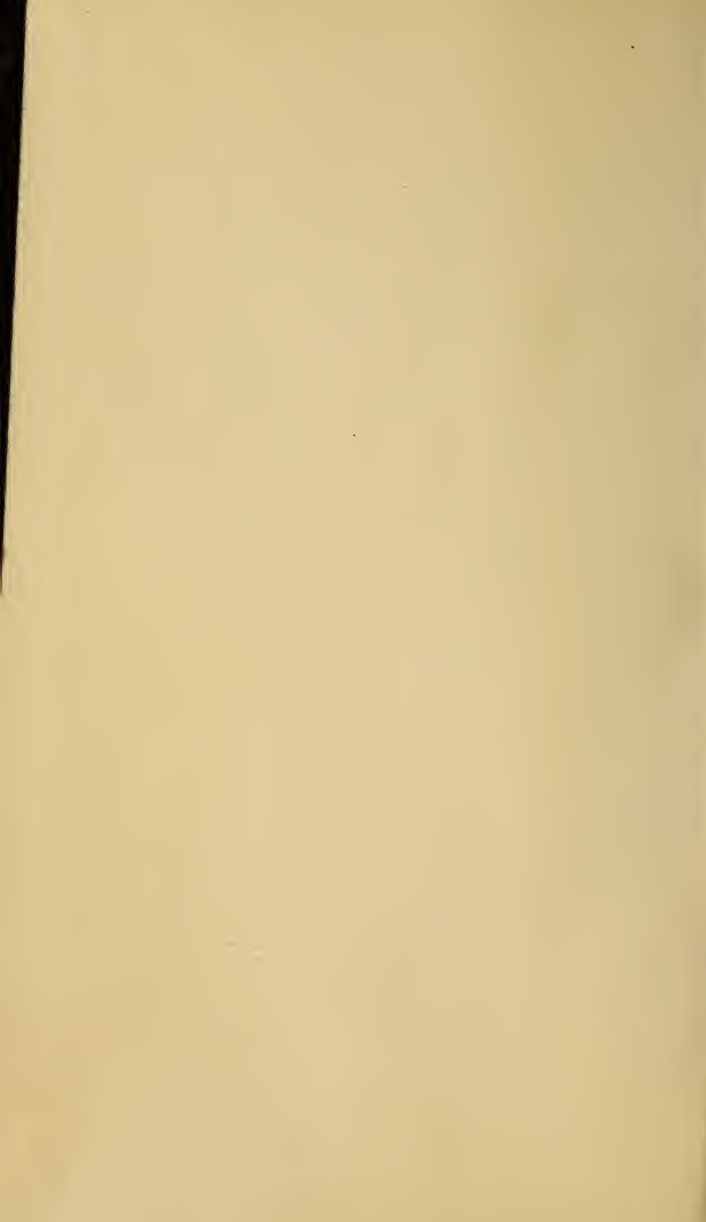
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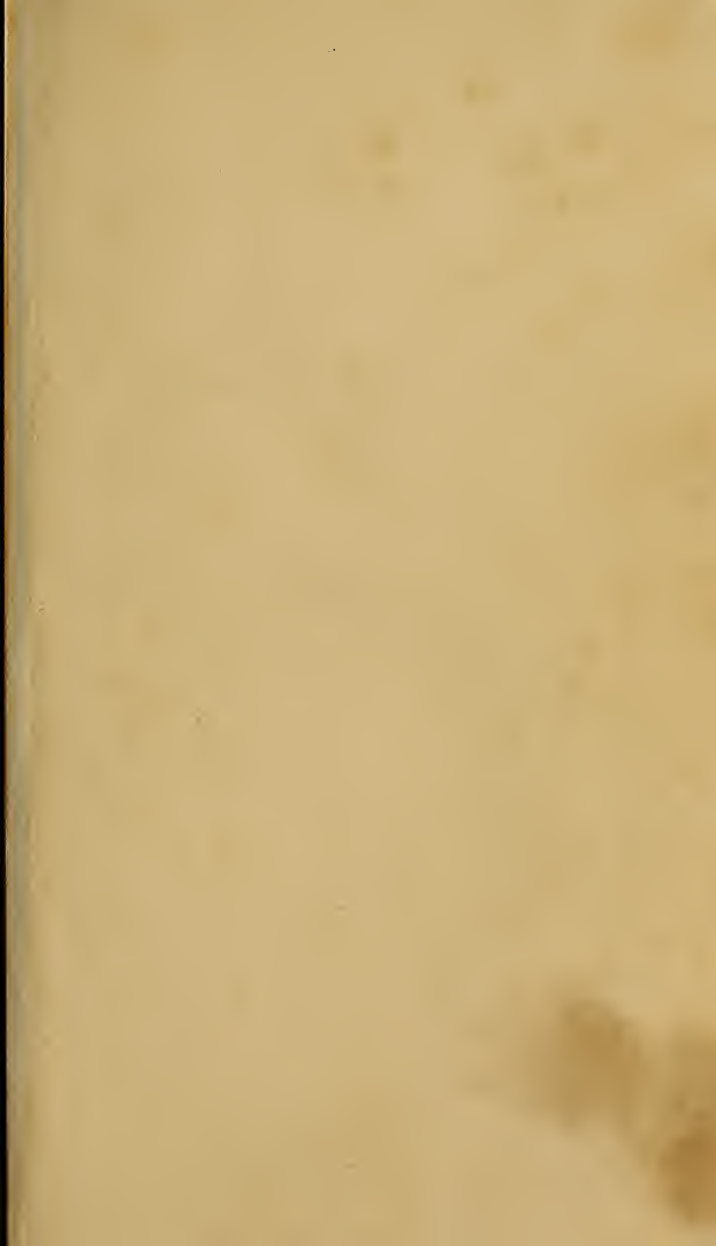
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THE  
PICTORIAL  
READER;

COMPILED FROM

The most Approb'd Authorities,

AND CALCULATED TO COMBINE

AMUSEMENT WITH INSTRUCTION.

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SECOND EDITION.

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LONDON:

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## P R E F A C E.

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IN compiling this little book, it has been judged expedient to depart from that formal arrangement, which to young minds is anything but attractive. The classification which in some works is valuable, and, indeed, indispensable, it was thought might here be spared, where the object was agreeably to surprise. By rapid transition the student may pass

“ From grave to gay, from lively to severe.”

To please the juvenile, and, possibly, to refresh the maturer mind by interesting narratives, lively anecdotes, and specimens of elegant and touching poetry, is that to which the compiler aspires; while purity is never lost sight of for a moment.

Many in early life are discouraged in the pursuit of knowledge by the too severely methodical course injudiciously adopted. The evil is of old standing, but there was a period when some progress in knowledge was required before rules were imposed. La Harpe shews that example instructed the ancients before anything was known of precept; and Voltaire complainingly remarks, “ *Nous trouvons par-tout des leçons, mais bien peu d'exemples.*”

Such a reproach, at all events, will not fall on the selection which now aspires to assist the studies of the rising generation. Examples are drawn from some of the most admired productions of a former age, with many from the pens of eminent contemporary writers, which cannot have appeared in any similar publication. They are copiously illustrated with graceful and animated designs, which bring the image of almost every scene

## PREFACE.

and remarkable object mentioned, immediately before the reader. The experienced teacher will not be slow to admit the importance of such auxiliaries. He will know that the appeal made to the eye prepares the scholar to receive the strongest impressions, at that period of life when the mind, it has been aptly remarked, is

“Wax to receive, and marble to retain.”

How vivid, how enduring the effect of those touches of the graphic art, which first arrested the schoolboy's attention, almost every reader of advanced years can testify. But the pupil of former days could not, under ordinary circumstances, receive such aids as are now at his command. The rude embellishments, if the word be not a misnomer, given in school books thirty or forty years ago, were but ill calculated to convey real knowledge, or to form a correct taste; and it would have been impossible to present such an assemblage of pictorial representations as are now submitted, but at an expense which the affluent alone could meet.

It is unnecessary further to enlarge on the subject of what has been attempted in the following pages. That a work more free from all that might corrupt or mislead has never appeared, the proprietor feels that he may confidently affirm. He trusts that it will be found rich in amusement; and, while conveying much valuable knowledge, stimulate the youthful reader to seek for more. It may almost serve as an index to the general literature of the day. Whatever the execution, the aim has been to

“Gather sweets from every flower,”

and to furnish a rich and fragrant nosegay, into which not even a rose should be admitted till it had been deprived of its thorn.

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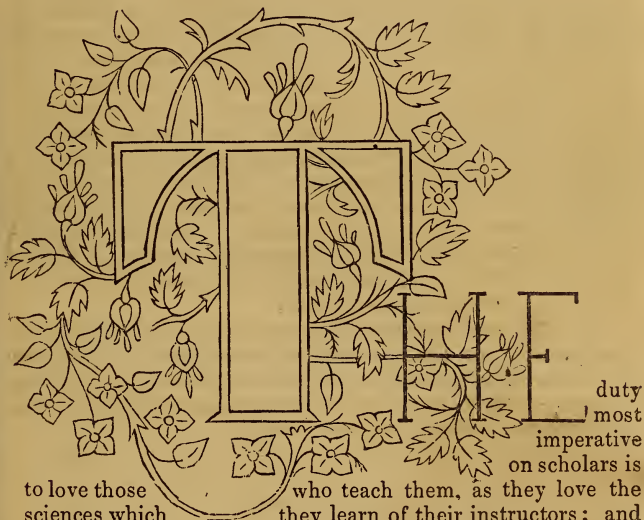
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THE  
PICTORIAL READER.



to love those who teach them, as they love the sciences which they learn of their instructors; and to look upon their teachers as fathers from whom they derive not the life of the body, but that instruction which is in a manner the life of the soul. If they possess this sentiment of affection and respect, it suffices to make them apt to learn during the time of their studies, and full of gratitude all the rest of their lives.

Docility, which consists in submitting to the direction given them, in readily receiving the instructions of their masters, and in reducing them to practice, is properly the virtue of scholars, as that of masters is to teach well. The one can do nothing without the other: and as it is not sufficient for a labourer to sow the seed, unless the earth, after having opened her bosom to receive it, encourage its growth by warmth and moisture; so the whole fruit of instruction depends upon a good correspondence between the master and the scholar.

Gratitude for those who have laboured in our education is the characteristic of an honest man, and the tribute of a good heart. "Who is there among us, says Cicero,\* that has been instructed with any care, that is not highly delighted with the sight, or even the bare remembrance, of his preceptors, masters, and the place where he was taught and brought up?" Seneca† exhorts young men to preserve always a great respect for their masters; to whose care they are indebted for the amendment of their faults, and for having imbibed sentiments of honour and probity. The exactness and severity of our teachers may displease sometimes at an age when we are not in a condition to judge of the obligations we owe them; but when years have ripened our understanding and judgment, we discern that their admonitions, reprimands, and a severe exactness in restraining the passions of an imprudent and inconsiderate age, are the very things which should make us esteem and love them. Thus Marcus Aurelius, one of the wisest and most illustrious Emperors that Rome ever had, thanked heaven for two things especially, for his having had excellent tutors himself, and that he had found the like for his children.

The duties of scholars consist in docility and obedience; respect for their masters, zeal for study, and a thirst after the sciences, joined to an abhorrence of vice and irregularity, together with a sincere and fervent desire of pleasing God, and referring all their actions to him.

*Rollin.*

---

#### THE STAG HUNT.

Now the blown stag thro' woods, bogs, roads, and streams,  
Has measur'd half the forest; but, alas!  
He flies in vain; he flies not from his fears.  
Tho' far he cast the lingering pack behind,  
His haggard fancy still with horror views  
The fell destroyer; still the fatal cry  
Insults his ears, and wounds his trembling heart.  
So the poor fury-haunted wretch (his hands

---

\* A famous Roman orator, and philosopher, was born at Arpinum, in Italy, B. C. 105.

† An eminent philosopher and tragic poet, born at Corduba, (now Cordova), in Spain, A. D. 8. He was educated at Rome, and afterwards became Preceptor to the tyrant Nero, (an emperor of Rome), by whom he was put to death.

In guiltless blood distain'd) still seems to hear  
 The dying shrieks ; and the pale threat'ning ghost  
 Moves as he moves, and as he flies pursues,  
 See here his slot ; up yon green hill he climbs,



Pants on its brow awhile, sadly looks back  
 On his pursuers, cov'ring all the plain ;  
 But, wrung with anguish, bears not long the sigh,  
 Shoots down the steep, and sweats along the vale ;  
 There mingles with the herd, where once he reign'd  
 Proud monarch of the groves, whose clashing beam  
 His rivals aw'd, and whose exalted pow'r  
 Was still rewarded with successful love.  
 But the base herd have learn'd the ways of men ;  
 Averse they fly, or with rebellious aim  
 Chase him from thence : needless their impious deed.  
 The huntsman knows him by a thousand marks,  
 Black, and imboss'd ; nor are his hounds deceiv'd ;  
 Too well distinguish these, and never leave  
 Their once devoted foe : familiar grows  
 His scent, and strong their appetite to kill.  
 Again he flies, and with redoubled speed  
 Skims o'er the lawn ; still the tenacious crew  
 Hang on the track, aloud demand their prey,  
 And push him many a league. If haply then  
 Too far escap'd, and the gay courtly train  
 Behind are cast, the huntsman's clanging whip  
 Stops full their bold career : passive they stand,

Unmov'd, an humble and obsequious crowd,  
 As if by stern Medusa gaz'd to stones.  
 So at their general's voice whole armies halt  
 In full pursuit, and check their thirst of blood.  
 Soon at the king's command, like hasty streams  
 Damm'd up awhile, they foam, and pour along  
 With fresh recruiting might. The stag, who hop'd  
 His foes were lost, now once more hears astunn'd  
 The dreadful din : he shivers every limb :  
 He starts, he bounds ; each bush presents a foe.  
 Pressed by the fresh relay, no pause allow'd,  
 Breathless and faint, he falters in his pace,  
 And lifts his weary limbs with pain, that scarce  
 Sustain their load : he pants, he sobs appall'd ;



Drops down his heavy head to earth, beneath  
 His cumbrous beams oppressed.—

*Somerville.*

---

#### THE PAINTER'S SERVANT.

Sir James Thornhill, a distinguished painter, was employed in decorating the interior of the dome of St. Paul's Cathedral. One day, to observe the effect of a certain part of his work, he moved backwards from it along the scaffolding, until he had reached the very edge ; another step would have dashed him to pieces on the pavement below. His servant at this moment observed his danger, and in an instant threw a pot of paint at the picture. Sir James immediately rushed forward to chastise the man for his apparently unjustifiable act, but when the reason was explained, could not give him sufficient thanks, or sufficiently admire his ready ingenuity. Had the servant called out to apprise him of his danger, he would have probably lost his footing and been killed. The only means of saving him was to create a motive for his voluntarily returning from the edge of the scaffold. For this purpose an injury to the painting was a good means. All these calculations, and the act itself, were the work of an instant, for this servant possessed the inestimable qualities of *presence of mind and resource.*

## ON THE DUTIES OF THE YOUNG.

“Remember now thy Creator in the days of thy youth, while the evil days come not, nor the years draw nigh, when thou shalt say, I have no pleasure in them,” (Ecclesiastes, chap. xii. 1). While the heart is most susceptible of piety and gratitude, youth should reverence and fear, worship and praise, love and obey, that great and glorious Being, who made them after his own image, and is always doing them good. In the season of youth, the heart should rise into the admiration of what is great, glow with the love of what is fair and excellent, and melt at the discovery of tenderness and goodness. Where can an object be found so proper to kindle those affections as the Father of the universe, and the Author of all felicity? His works every where display grandeur and majesty, and the richest blessings flow from his liberal hand. He is the guide of your childhood, the guardian of your youth, and the hope of your coming years.

As you ought to exercise piety towards God, so you ought likewise to honour your parents, and to submit to those who are your superiors in knowledge, in station, and in years. Dependence and obedience belong to youth; and modesty is one of its chief ornaments. Commit yourselves, therefore to the guidance of the more experienced, and become wise by the wisdom of those who have gone before you.

Truth is the basis of every virtue. Dissimulation in youth is the forerunner of perfidy in old age. It obscures the lustre of every accomplishment, and sinks you into contempt with God and man.

As you value, therefore, the approbation of Heaven, or the esteem of the world, cultivate the love of truth. In all your proceedings, be direct and consistent. Ingenuity and candour possess the most powerful charms. They bespeak universal favour, and carry an apology for almost every failing. “The lip of truth shall be established for ever; but a lying tongue is but for a moment. (Proverbs, chap. xii, 19).

The path of truth is a plain and safe path; that of falsehood is a perplexing maze. After the first departure from sincerity, it is not in your power to stop. One artifice unavoidably leads to another, till you are left entangled in your own snare.

Youth is the proper season for cultivating the benevolent and humane affections. As a great part of your happiness is to depend on the connections which you form with others, it is of high importance that you acquire betimes the temper

and the manners which will render such connections comfortable. Let a sense of justice be the foundation of all your social qualities. In your most early intercourse with the world, and even in your youthful amusements, let no unfairness be found. Engrave in your mind that sacred rule "of doing all things to others according as you wish that they should do to you."

Compassion is an emotion of which you ought never to feel ashamed. Graceful in youth is the tear of sympathy, and the heart that melts at the tale of woe. Go sometimes, therefore, "to the house of mourning," as well as "to the house of feasting." Accustom yourselves to think of the distresses of human life: of the solitary cottage, the dying parent, and the weeping orphan. Never sport with pain and distress in any of your amusements, nor treat even the meanest insect with wanton cruelty.

Diligence, industry, and proper improvement of time, are material duties of the young. In youth, the habits of industry are most easily acquired. In youth the motives to it are strongest, from ambition and from duty, from emulation and hope, and from all the prospects which the beginning of life affords.



Industry is not only the instrument of improvement, but the foundation of pleasure. Nothing is so opposite to the true enjoyment of life as the feeble state of an indolent mind. He who is a stranger to industry, may possess, but he cannot enjoy. For it is labour only which gives the relish to pleasure.

Think not that any affluence of fortune, or any elevation of rank, exempts you from the duties of application and industry. Industry is the law of our being ; it is the demand of nature, of reason, and of God. Remember always that the years, which now pass over your heads, leave permanent memorials behind them. From your thoughtless minds they may escape ; but they remain in the remembrance of God. They form an important part of the register of your life. They will hereafter bear testimony, either for or against you, in that day, when, for all your actions, but particularly for the employments of your youth, you must give an account to God.—*Blair*.

---

## A NOVEMBER WALK.

The weather is as peaceful to-day, as calm, and as mild, as early April ; and perhaps, an autumn afternoon and a spring morning do resemble each other more in feeling, and even in appearance, than any two periods of the year. There is in both the same freshness and dewiness of the herbage ; the same balmy softness in the air ; and the same pure and lovely blue sky, with white fleecy clouds floating across it. The chief difference lies in the absence of flowers, and the presence of leaves. But then the foliage of November is so rich, and glowing, and varied, that it may well supply the place of the gay blossoms of the spring ; whilst all the flowers of the field or the garden could never make amends for the want of leaves,—that beautiful and graceful attire in which nature has clothed the rugged forms of trees—the verdant drapery to which the landscape owes its loveliness, and the forests their glory.

If choice must be between two seasons, each so full of charms, it is at least no bad philosophy to prefer the present good, even whilst looking gratefully back, and hopefully forward, to the past and the future. And, of a surety, no fairer specimen of a November day could well be found than this,—a day made to wander

“ By yellow commons and birch-shaded hollows,  
And hedgerows bordering unfrequented lanes.”

nor could a prettier country be found for our walk than this shady and yet sunny Berkshire, where the scenery, without rising into grandeur or breaking into wildness, is so peaceful, so cheerful, so varied, and so thoroughly English.

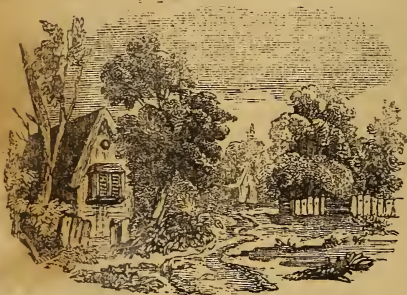
We must bend our steps towards the waterside, for I have

a message to leave at Farmer Riley's: and sooth to say, it is no unpleasant necessity: for the road thither is smooth and dry, retired as one likes a country walk to be, but not too lonely, which women never like; leading past the



Loddon—the bright, brimming, transparent Loddon—a fitting mirror for this bright blue sky, and terminating at one of the prettiest and most comfortable farm-houses in the neighbourhood.

How beautiful the lane is to-day, decorated with a thousand colours! The brown road, and the rich verdure that borders it, strewed with the pale and yellow leaves of the elm, just beginning to fall; hedgerows growing with long wreaths of the bramble in every variety of purplish red; and overhead the unchanged green of the fir contrasted with the spotted sycamore, the tawny beech, and the dry sere leaves of the oak, which rustle as the light wind passes through them; a few common hardy yellow flowers (for yellow is the common colour of flowers, whether wild or cultivated, as blue is the rare one), flowers of many sorts, but almost of one tint, still blowing in spite of the season, and ruddy berries glowing through all. How very beautiful is the lane!



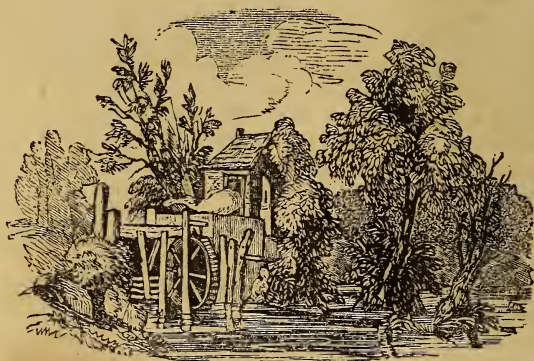
And how pleasant is this hill where the road widens, with the group of cattle by the way side, and George Hearn

the little post-boy, trundling his hoop up the path at full speed, making all the better haste in his work, because he cheats himself into thinking it play! And how beautiful, again, is this patch of common at the hill top, with the clear pool where Martha Pither's children,—elves of three and four, and five years old,—without any distinction of sex in their sun-burnt faces and tattered drapery, are dipping up water in their little homely cups shining with cleanliness, and a small brown pitcher with the lip broken, to fill that great kettle, which, when it is filled, their united strength will never be able to lift! They are quite a group for a painter, with their rosy cheeks, and chubby hands, and round merry faces: and the low cottage, in the back-ground, peeping out from its vine-leaves and china roses, with Martha at the door, tidy, and comely, and smiling, preparing the potatoes for the pot, and watching the process of dipping and filling that useful utensil, completes the picture.

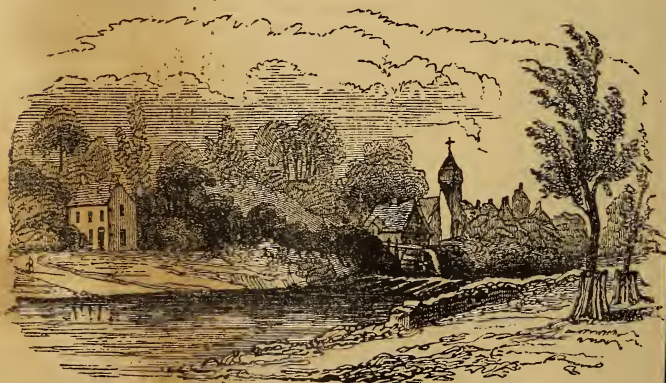
But we must get on. No time for more sketches in these short days. We must proceed in our walk, Dash is showing us the way, and beating the thick double hedgerow that runs along the side of the meadows, at a rate that indicates game astir, and causes the leaves to fly as fast as an east wind after a hard frost. Ah! a pheasant! a superb cock pheasant! Nothing is more certain than Dash's questing, whether in a hedgerow, or a covert, for a better spaniel never went into the field; but I fancied that it was a hare afoot, and was almost as much startled to hear the whirring of those splendid wings, as the princely bird himself would have been at the report of a gun. Indeed, I believe, that the way in which a pheasant goes off does sometimes make young sportsmen a little nervous (they don't own it very readily, but the observation may be relied on nevertheless), until they get as it were broken into the sound; and then that grand and sudden burst of wing becomes as pleasant to them, as it seems to be to Dash, who is beating the hedgerow with might and main, and giving tongue louder, and sending the leaves about faster than ever—very proud of finding the pheasant, and perhaps a little angry with me for not shooting it; at least, looking as if he would be angry if I were a man; for Dash is a dog of great sagacity, and has doubtless not lived four years in the sporting world, without making the discovery, that although gentlemen do shoot ladies do not.

The Lodden at last! the beautiful Loddon! and the bridge where every one stops, as by instinct, to lean over

the rails and gaze a moment on a landscape of surpassing loveliness,—the fine grounds of the Great House, with their magnificent groups of limes, and firs, and poplars, grander than ever poplars were; the green meadows opposite, studded with oaks and elms; the clear winding river; the



mill with its picturesque old buildings bounding the scene; all glowing with the rich colouring of autumn, and har-



monized by the soft beauty of the clear blue sky, and the delicious calmness of the hour. The very peasant whose daily path it is, cannot cross that bridge without a pause.

But the day is wearing fast. Down that broad yet shadowy lane, between the park dark with evergreens, and

dappled with deer, and the meadows where sheep, and cows, and horses are grazing under the tall elms; that lane, where the high wild bank, clothed with fern, and tufted with furze,



and crowned by rich berried thorn, and the thick shining holly, on the one side, seems to vie in beauty with the picturesque old paling, the bright laurels, and the plummy cedars, on the other; down that shady lane, until the sudden turn brings us to an opening where four roads meet, where a noble avenue turns down to the Great House; where the village church rears its modest spire from amidst its vene-

rable yew trees; and where, embosomed in orchards and gardens, and backed by barns and ricks, and all the wealth of the farm-yard, stands the spacious and comfortable abode of good Farmer Riley, the end and object of our walk.

*Miss Mitford.*

---

GOLD.

The face of man is pale with care,  
In youth his step is old;  
In age his eyes suspicious glare,  
And why? Alas! for gold.

For gold, beneath the mighty hills,  
Across the raging sea,  
Where famine wastes, or fever kills—  
Where gold is, there is he.



It is not want, it is not woe,  
That makes him delve the mine;  
The fruits of wretched slavery go  
To deck ambition's shrine.

\*

\*

\*

\*

If the poor wretch, for life confined,  
 Far from the light of day,  
 In the fierce anguish of his mind  
 To Heaven for vengeance pray,



Up with the ore his cry ascends—  
 Wide spreads the venom round,  
 Corrodes the firmest tie of friends,  
 And taints the peaceful ground.  
 Though sought by all, it hath no power  
 To satisfy the mind ;  
 The richest, in their happiest hour,  
 Have wishes unconfined.

\* \* \* \*

Hast thou another's gold ?—no more  
 He views thee as thou art ;  
 He sees thy faults, unknown before—  
 Think not to share his heart.

And if thou lend the yellow bane  
 To him thou deem'st thy friend,  
 Dream not of social joy again—  
 That friendship soon shall end.

Yet, if thou lend it not, all changed  
 His aspect is to thee ;  
 He thinks you doubt him, and estranged  
 Thenceforth ye both must be.

Men call it power, yet it hath none  
 To cool the throbbing brain,  
 To quell the grisly skeleton,  
 Or call back youth again.

Yet still it hath a blessed power,  
 In Charity's fair hand ;  
 Falling, like heaven's refreshing shower,  
 To cheer a thirsty land.

## THE MISER AND HIS TREASURE.

A miser having scraped together a considerable sum of money, by denying himself the common conveniences of life, was much embarrassed where to lodge it most securely. After many perplexing debates with himself, he at length fixed upon a corner in a retired field, where he deposited his treasure, and with it his heart, in a hole which he dug for that purpose. His mind was now for a moment at ease ; but he had not proceeded many paces on his way home, when all his anxiety returned : and he could not forbear going back to see that everything was safe. He repeated his visits daily, and sometimes more than once in the day, till at last he was observed by a labourer who was mending



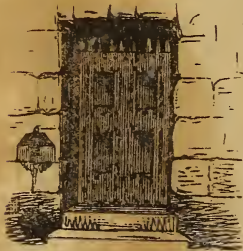
a hedge in an adjacent meadow. The fellow, concluding that something extraordinary must be the occasion of these fre-

quent visitations, marked the spot; and, coming in the night to examine it, discovered the prize, and bore it off unmolested. Early the next morning, the miser again renewed his visit; when finding his treasure gone, he broke out into the most bitter exclamations. A traveller, who happened to be passing by at the time, was moved by his complaints to enquire into the cause of them. "Alas!" replied the miser, "I have sustained the most cruel and irreparable loss. Some villain has robbed me of a sum of money, which, a short time ago I buried under this stone,"—"Buried!" returned the traveller with surprise; "a very extraordinary method truly of disposing your riches! Why did you not rather keep them in your house, that they might be ready for your daily occasions?"—"Daily occasions!" resumed the miser, with an air of much indignation; "do you imagine I know so little the value of money, as to suffer it to be run away with by occasions? On the contrary, I had prudently resolved not to touch a single shilling of it!"—"If that was your wise resolution," answered the traveller, "I see no sort of reason for your being thus afflicted. It is but putting this stone in the place of your treasure, and paying the same daily devotions thereto; it will answer all your purposes fully as well, and you will continue to be as rich as ever."

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THE PRISON.

I walked down to the common prison, where I could enjoy more air and room. But I was not long there when the execrations, lewdness, and brutality that invaded me on every side, drove me back to my apartment again. Here I sat for some time pondering upon the strange infatuation of wretches, who, finding all mankind in open arms against them, were labouring to make themselves a future and a tremendous enemy.



Their insensibility excited my highest compassion, and blotted my own uneasiness from my mind. It even appeared a duty incumbent upon me to attempt to reclaim them. I resolved, therefore once more to return, and, in spite of their contempt, to give them my advice, and conquer them by my perseverance. Going, therefore, among them again, I in-

formed Mr. Jenkinson of my design, at which he laughed heartily, but communicated it to the rest. The proposal was received with the greatest good humour, as it promised to afford a new fund of entertainment to persons who had now no other resource for mirth but what could be derived from ridicule or debauchery.

I therefore read them a portion of the service with a loud unaffected voice, and found my audience perfectly merry upon the occasion. Lewd whispers, groans of contrition burlesqued, winking and coughing, alternately excited laughter. However, I continued with my natural solemnity to read on, sensible that what I did might mend some, but could itself receive no contamination from any.

After reading, I entered upon my exhortation, which was rather calculated at first to amuse them than to reprove. I previously observed, that no other motive but their welfare could induce me to this; that I was their fellow-prisoner, and now got nothing by preaching. I was sorry, I said, to hear them so very profane; because they got nothing by it, but might lose a great deal: "For be assured, my friends," cried I—"for you are my friends, however the world may disclaim your friendship—though you swore a thousand oaths in a day, it would not put one penny in your purse. Then what signifies calling every moment upon the *dévil*, and courting his friendship, since you find how scurvily he uses you? He has given you nothing here, you find, but a mouthful of oaths and an empty belly; and, by the best accounts I have of him, he will give you nothing that's good hereafter.

"If used ill in our dealings with one man, we naturally go elsewhere. Were it not worth your while, then, just to try how you may like the usage of another master, who gives you fair promises at least to come to him? Surely, my friends, of all stupidity in the world, his must be the greatest, who, after robbing a house, runs to the thief-takers for protection. And yet, how are you more wise? You are all seeking comfort from one that has already betrayed you, applying to a more malicious being than any thief-taker of them all; for they only decoy and then hang you—but he decoys and hangs, and, what is worst of all, will not let you loose after the hangman has done."

When I had concluded, I received the compliments of my audience, some of whom came and shook me by the hand, swearing that I was a very honest fellow, and that they desired my further acquaintance. I therefore promised to

repeat my lecture next day, and actually conceived some hopes of making a reformation here; for it had ever been my opinion, that no man was past the hour of amendment, every heart lying open to the shafts of reproof, if the archer could but take a proper aim. When I had thus satisfied my mind, I went back to my apartment, where my wife prepared a frugal meal, while Mr. Jenkinson begged leave to add his dinner to ours, and partake of the pleasure, as he was kind enough to express it, of my conversation. . . .

The next morning, I communicated to my wife and children the scheme I had planned of reforming the prisoners, which they received with universal disapprobation, alleging the impossibility and impropriety of it; adding, that my endeavours would no way contribute to their amendment, but might probably disgrace my calling.

"Excuse me," returned I; "these people, however fallen, are still men; and that is a very good title to my affections. Good counsel rejected returns to enrich the giver's bosom; and though the instruction I communicate may not mend them, yet it will assuredly mend itself. If these wretches, my children, were princes, there would be thousands ready to offer their ministry; but, in my opinion, the heart that is buried in a dungeon is as precious as that seated upon a throne. Yes, my treasures, if I can mend them, I will: perhaps they will not all despise me. Perhaps I may catch up one even from the gulf, and that will be great gain: for is there upon earth a gem so precious as the human soul?"

Thus saying, I left them, and descended to the common prison, where I found the prisoners very merry, expecting my arrival: and each prepared with some jail trick to play upon the doctor. Thus, as I was going to begin, one turned my wig awry, as if by accident, and then asked my pardon. A second, who stood at some distance, had a knack of spitting through his teeth, which fell in showers upon my book. A third would cry "Amen!" in such an affected tone as gave the rest great delight. A fourth had slyly picked my pocket of my spectacles. But there was one whose trick gave more universal pleasure than all the rest; for, observing the manner in which I had disposed my books on the table before me, he very dexterously displaced



one of them, and put an obscene jest-book of his own in the place. However, I took no notice of all that this mischievous group of little beings could do, but went on, perfectly sensible that what was ridiculous in my attempt would excite mirth only the first or second time, while what was serious would be permanent. My design succeeded, and in less than six days some were penitent, and all attentive.



It was now that I applauded my perseverance and address, at thus giving sensibility to wretches divested of every moral feeling, and now began to think of doing them temporal services also, by rendering their situation somewhat more comfortable. Their time had hitherto been divided between famine and excess, tumultuous riot and bitter repining. Their only employment was quarrelling among each other,



playing at cribbage, and cutting tobacco-stoppers. From this last mode of idle industry I took the hint of setting such as chose to work at cutting pegs for tobacconists and shoemakers—the proper wood being bought by a general subscription—and, when manufactured, sold by my appointment; so that each earned something every day—a trifle indeed, but sufficient to maintain him.

I did not stop here, but instituted fines for the punishment of immorality, and rewards for peculiar industry. Thus, in less than a fortnight I had formed them into something social and humane, and had the pleasure of regarding myself as a legislator, who had brought men from their native ferocity into friendship and obedience.—*Goldsmith.*

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## SPEECH.

The variety, quickness, and precision, of which muscular motion is capable, are seen in no part so remarkably as in the tongue. It is worth any one's while to watch the agility of his tongue, and the wonderful promptitude and exactness with which it executes changes of position. Each syllable of articulated sound requires for its utterance a specific action of the tongue and the parts adjacent; and the disposition and configuration of the mouth, appertaining to every word and even every letter, is not only peculiar, but, if nicely attended to, perceptible to the sight.

In the same person also, after his habits of speaking are formed, one, and only one position of the parts, will produce a given articulate sound correctly; and yet, how instantaneously are these positions assumed and dismissed! how numerous are the permutations! how various, yet how infallible! The muscles of the tongue are so numerous, and so implicated with each other, that they cannot be traced by the nicest dissection; nevertheless, neither the number, nor the complexity, nor, what might seem to be, the entanglement of its fibres, in any wise impede its motion, or render the success of its efforts uncertain.

Dr. Reid says, "nothing more displays the power of habit, or rather of habit and genius united, in facilitating the performance of the most complex and difficult exertions of the human mind, than the eloquent and unstudied harangue of a graceful speaker, in a great political assembly. It is long before we learn to articulate words; longer before we can deliver them with exact propriety; and longer still before we can recollect a sufficient variety of them, and out of those which occur, instantly select the most proper. Then, the rules of grammar, of logic, of rhetoric, and of good breeding, which can on no account be dispensed with, are so numerous, that volumes might be filled with them, and years employed in acquiring the ready use of them; yet, to the accomplished orator, all this is so familiar, that without

thinking of his rules or violating any one of them, he applies them all, and has at the same time present to his mind, whatever was worthy of notice in the course of the debate, and whatever in the laws or customs of his countrymen relate to the business in hand; which, if it were not more common, would appear more wonderful, than that a man should dance blindfold, amidst a thousand red-hot ploughshares, without being burned."—*Paley*

## THE WIND.

Æolus, god of the winds, reigned in the Vulcanian islands, and was under the power of Neptune, who allowed him to give liberty to the winds, or to recal them into their caverns at his pleasure.



Oh many a voice is thine, thou wind !  
 Full many a voice is thine,  
 From every scene thy wing o'ersweeps  
 Thou bear'st a sound and sign ;  
 A minstrel wild and strong thou art,  
 With a mastery all thine own,  
 And the spirit is thy harp, O wind !  
 That gives the answering tone.

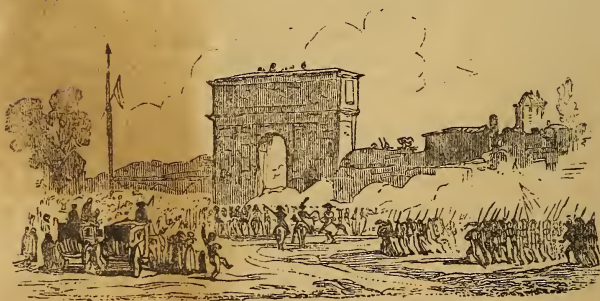
Thou hast been across red fields of war,  
 Where shivered helmets lie,  
 And thou bringest thence the thrilling note,  
 Of a clarion in the sky :

A rustling of proud banner folds,—  
A peal of stormy drums,—  
All these are in thy music met,  
As when a leader comes.

Thou hast been o'er solitary seas,  
And from their wastes brought back  
Each noise of waters that awoke  
In the mystery of thy track ;  
The chime of low, soft southern waves,  
On some green palmy shore,  
The hollow roll of distant surge,  
The gathered billows' roar.

Thou art come from forests dark and deep  
Thou mighty, rushing wind !  
And thou bearest all their unisons  
In one full swell combined ;  
The restless pines, the moaning stream,  
All hidden things and free,  
Of the dim, old sounding wilderness,  
Have lent their soul to thee.

Thou art come from cities lighted up  
For the conqueror passing by,  
Thou art wafting from their streets a sound  
Of haughty revelry :



The rolling of triumphant wheels,  
The harpings in the hall,  
The far off shout of multitudes,  
Are in thy rise and fall.

"Thou art come from kingly tombs and shrines,  
 From ancient minsters vast,  
 Through the dark aisles of a thousand years  
 Thy lonely wing hath passed;  
 Thou hast caught the anthem's billowy swell,  
 The stately dirge's tone;  
 For a chief, with sword and shield, and helm,  
 To his place of slumber's gone.

"Thou art come from long forsaken homes,  
 Wherein our young days flew,  
 Thou hast found sweet voices lingering there  
 The loved, the kind, the true!  
 Thou callest back those melodies,  
 Though now all changed and fled,  
 Be still, be still, and haunt us not  
 With music from the dead!

"Are all these notes in thee, wild wind?  
 These many notes in thee?  
 Far in our own unfathomed souls  
 Their fount must surely be;  
 Yes! buried, but unsleeping, there;  
 Thought watches, memory lies,  
 From whose deep urn the tones are poured  
 Through all earth's harmonies." *Hemans.*

#### NEW YEAR'S NIGHT.

A man whose grey hairs told that seventy winters had passed over them, stood by the window of his chamber just when the clock was about to strike the last hour of the departing year. All was hushed in the deep tranquillity of midnight, and with a look of despair he cast his eyes upwards to the dark blue vault of heaven, in which the stars were sparkling, like orbs of light, over all the spangled firmament; and then he cast them downwards to the silent shadowy earth, on which he believed there was none so wretched and so restless as himself—for his grave lay just before him. Seventy long and weary, though unwitting steps, had he already taken towards it, and but few remained; yet he had brought nothing with him by which to cheer his descent into that last cold dreary home—nothing had he gathered in all the rich season of youth, but errors, sickness, and despair. His body was wasted and decayed—his

soul desolate and forlorn—his heart loaded with vices and remorse, and his old age with bitterness and sorrow. The fair days of his youth for a moment returned, and flitted before him as frowning spectres, and with them brought back before his eyes that fatally eventful morning, when his father first set him forwards to walk by himself in the great road of life. Then he bade him choose for himself the way he would follow, and pointed out to him that, on the right lay the path of virtue, thorny perhaps sometimes at the outset, but yet gilded with the brightest celestial beams, and leading onwards to the blessed peaceful land, which is filled with the fairest flowers and richest harvests, and resounds with the songs of blissful saints and rejoicing angels. At the same time, too, he showed him, to the left, the path of vice, which at first seemed smooth, flowery, and enticing, but grew afterwards crooked and precipitous, and came at last to the deep and dark cavern that was filled with adders and serpents, and dropped with poison and black sulphureous vapours. Alas! while yet he gazed, the miserable man felt the serpents hanging on his breast, and the poisoned drops on his tongue, and he knew the awful gulf into which he had already fallen.

With unutterable anguish once again he looked up towards heaven. "O youth return!" cried he; "O Father, let me stand once more at the point where the paths separate; let me choose between them once again!" But his father and his youth were far away. He saw meteor lights over the treacherous swamps glimmer and disappear, and he said, "Ah, these were my days of folly." He saw a star fly through the vaults of the sky, glitter in its fall, and melt away. "Ah, that is me—that is myself;" said his bleeding heart; and the venomous fangs of the serpent of remorse fastened deeper in the gaping wounds.

Then again he looked over the wide earth, and gazed upon known and upon unknown multitudes, whose young days had been, some coeval, some later, than his own; but who now slept in tranquillity and without his tears, and who were happy as philanthropists, as instructors, as kind husbands, as virtuous parents. And now fell the stroke of the midnight hour, and with it came the well known chime from the distant spire, the herald of the new year. It seemed holy as the melody of a distant hymn, as it flowed through the deep silence of the sacred night; but the solemn tones recalled to him too painfully his departed

parents, and his ancient friends, who, on every new year, had given him prayers, and wishes, and precepts, which their unhappy son had neglected and despised. Trembling with fear and with shame, he dared no longer look towards heaven, which was now their portion and their habitation : but he cast his eyes on the ground, and from them fell a thousand and a thousand bitter tears. He threw himself on the earth, and groaning with agony, exclaimed, "O that my youth would return ! O that but one of its years were granted me !"

And it did return ; he had endured a fearful dream on the night of the new year ; he was still but a youth. Truly, indeed, his errors and his vices were not a dream ; but he awoke with thankfulness to God that he was yet young, and that he might yet go back from the filthy ways of sin, and tread the bright path of virtue, which leads to the land of purity and bliss.

And go back with him, young reader, if thou also art now upon the evil way ; for if thou shouldst continue to walk upon it, this fearful dream may hereafter be thy accuser ; and if, at last, thou shouldst cry, "O that my youth might return !" thy youth will return no more.

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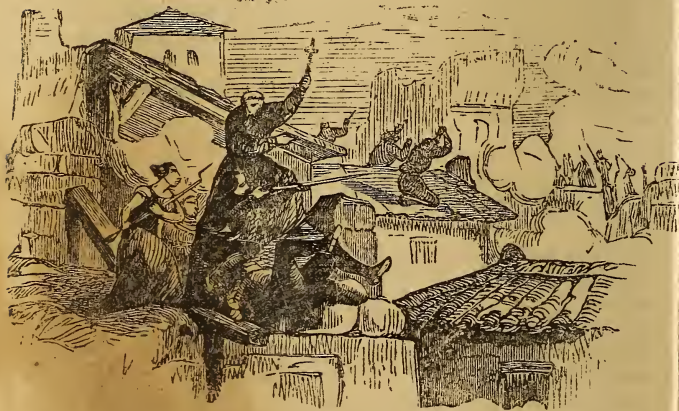
THE MAID OF SARAGOSSA.

When the French entered the city, upwards of six thousand bodies were found in the streets and trenches. Among the prisoners was Augustina, called, for the bravery she had exhibited in the siege, "The Maid of Saragossa." She was of humble parentage, but was gifted with a genius equal to her courage, and her counsel was not less admirable than her skill and constancy. She was not the only heroine of the time. One lady, named Manuella Sanchez, was shot through the heart during the siege ; and another, Donna Benita, who had assisted to supply provisions, tend the wounded, and hurl stones from the house-tops upon such of the French soldiery as had made their way into the streets, survived the dangers of the siege, only to expire of grief on learning the death of her daughter. Six hundred women and children perished during the memorable siege of this city. In all there were about forty thousand of the Spaniards slain.

"The Spanish maid, arous'd,  
Hangs on the willow her unstrung guitar,  
And, all unsex'd, the Anlace hath espous'd,  
Sung the loud song, and dar'd the deeds of war ;

And she, whom once the semblance of a scar  
Appall'd, an owlet's larum chill'd with dread,  
Now views the column scattering bay'net jar,  
The falchion flash, and o'er the yet warm dead,  
Stalks with Minerva's step, where Mars might quake to tread.

Ye who shall marvel when you hear her tale  
Oh! had you known her in her softer hour,  
Mark'd her black eye, that mocks her coal-black veil,  
Heard her light lively tones in Lady's bower,  
Seen her long locks that foil the painter's power,  
Her fairy form, with more than female grace;  
Scarce would you deem that Saragossa's tower  
Beheld her smile in danger's Gorgon face,  
Thin the clos'd ranks, and lead in Glory's fearful chace.



Her lover sinks—she sheds no ill-tim'd tear;  
Her chief is slain—she fills his fatal post;  
Her fellows flee—she checks their base career;  
The foe retires—she heads the sallying host:  
Who can appease like her, a lover's ghost?  
Who can avenge so well a leader's fall?  
What maid retrieve, when man's flush'd hope is lost?  
Who hang so fiercely on the flying Gaul;  
Foild by a woman's hand before a batter'd wall."

*Byron.*

## THE FOLLY AND MISERY OF IDLENESS.



"As the door on the hinges, so he on his bed,  
 Turns his sides and his shoulders, and his heavy head.  
 'A little more sleep and a little more slumber ;'  
 Thus he wastes half his days, and his hours without number."

*Watts.*

The idle man lives not to himself with any more advantage than he lives to the world. It is indeed on a supposition entirely opposite, that persons of this character proceed. They imagine, that how deficient soever they may be in point of duty, they at least consult their own satisfaction. They leave to others the drudgery of life : and betake themselves, as they think, to the quarter of enjoyment and ease. Now, in contradiction to this, I assert, and hope to prove, that the idle man, first, shuts the door against all improvement ; next, that he opens it wide to every destructive folly ; and lastly, that he excludes himself from the true enjoyment of pleasure.

First, he shuts the door against improvement of every kind, whether of mind, body, or fortune. The law of our nature, the condition under which we were placed from our

birth, is that nothing good or great is to be acquired, without toil and industry. A price is appointed by providence to be paid for everything; and the price of improvement is labour. Industry may, indeed, be disappointed. The race may not always be to the swift, nor the battle to the strong. But at the same time, it is certain that, in the ordinary course of things, without strength, the battle cannot be gained: without swiftness, the race cannot be run with success. If we consult either the improvement of the mind, or the health of the body, it is well known that exercise is the great instrument of promoting both. Sloth enfeebles equally the bodily and the mental powers. As in the animal system, it engenders disease, so in the faculties of the soul, it brings a fatal rust, which corrodes and wastes them; and, in a short time, reduces the brightest genius to the same level with the meanest understanding. The great differences which take place among men, are not owing to a distinction that nature has made in their original powers, so much as to the superior diligence with which some have improved these powers beyond others. To no purpose do we possess the seeds of many great abilities, if they are suffered to lie dormant within us. It is not the latent possession, but the active exertion of them, which gives them merit.

Instead of going on to improvement, all things go to decline, with the idle man. His character falls into contempt. His fortune is consumed. Disorder, confusion, and embarrassment, mark his whole situation. Observe in what lively colours the state of his affairs is described by Solomon. "I went by the field of the slothful, and by the vineyard of the man void of understanding. And lo! it was all grown over with thorns; nettles had covered the face thereof; and the stone wall was broken down. Then I saw and considered it well. I looked upon it and received instruction." Is it in this manner that a man lives to himself? Are these the advantages, which were expected to be found in the lap of ease? The down may at first have appeared soft; but it will soon be found to cover thorns innumerable. This is, however, only a small part of the evils which persons of this description bring on themselves: for, in the second place, while in this manner they shut the door against every improvement, they open it wide to the most destructive vices and follies. The human mind cannot remain always unemployed. Its passions must have some exercise. If we supply them not with proper employment, they are sure to run

loose into riot and disorder. While we are unoccupied by what is good, evil is continually at hand; and hence it is said in scripture, that as soon as Satan "found the house empty," he took possession, and filled it "with evil spirits," every man who recollects his conduct, may be satisfied, that his hours of idleness have always proved the hours most dangerous to virtue. It was then that criminal desires arose; guilty pursuits were suggested; and designs were formed, which, in their issue, have disquieted and embittered his whole life. If seasons of idleness are dangerous, what must a continued habit of it prove? Habitual indolence, by a silent and secret progress, undermines every virtue in the soul. More violent passions run their course, and terminate. They are like rapid torrents, which foam, and swell, and bear down everything before them. But after having overflowed their banks, their impetuosity subsides. They return by degrees into their natural channel; and the damage which they have done can be repaired. Sloth is like the slowly-flowing, putrid stream, which stagnates in the marsh, breeds venomous animals, and poisonous plants; and infects with pestilential vapours the whole country round it. Having once tainted the soul, it leaves no part of it sound; and, at the same time, gives not those alarms to conscience, which the eruptions of bolder and fiercer emotions often occasion.

In general, the children of idleness may be ranked under two denominations, or classes of men. Either, incapable of any effort, they are such as sink into absolute meanness of character, and contentedly wallow with the drunkard and debauchee, among the herd of the sensual, until poverty



overtakes them, or disease cuts them off; or, they are such as, retaining some remains of vigour, are impelled, by their passions, to venture on a desperate attempt for retrieving their ruined fortunes. In this case, they employ the art of the fraudulent gamester to ensnare the unwary. They issue

forth with the highwayman to plunder on the road ; or with the thief and robber, they infest the city by night. From this class, our prisons are peopled ; and by them the scaffold is furnished with those melancholy admonitions, which are so often delivered from it to the crowd. Such are frequently the tragical, but well known, consequences of the vice of idleness.

The felicity of human life, depends on the regular prosecution of some laudable purpose or object, which keeps awake and enlivens all our powers. Our happiness consists in the pursuit, much more than in the attainment, of any temporal good. Rest is agreeable ; but it is only from preceding labours, that rest acquires its true relish. When the mind is suffered to remain in continued inaction, all its powers decay. It soon languishes and sickens, and the pleasures which it proposed to obtain from rest, end in tediousness and insipidity. To this, let that miserable set of men bear witness who, after spending great part of their lives in active industry, have retired to what they thought to be a pleasing enjoyment of themselves, in wealthy inactivity, and profound repose. Where they expected to find an elysium, they have found nothing but a dreary and comfortless waste. Their days have dragged on, in uniform languor ; with the melancholy remembrance often returning, of the cheerful hours they passed, when they were engaged in the honest business and labours of the world.

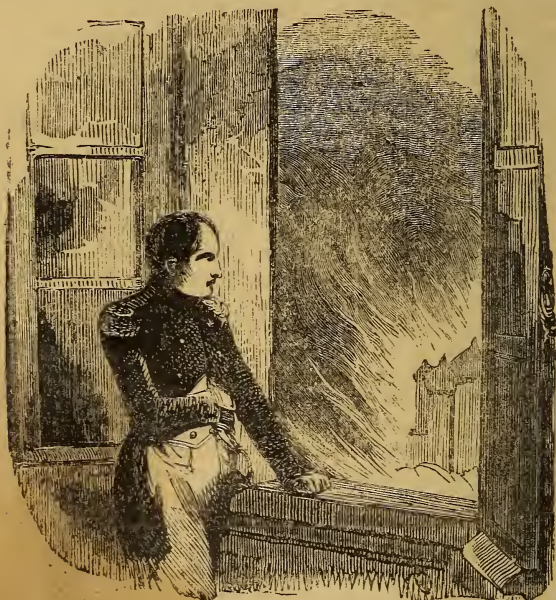
At the same time, let the course of our employments be ordered in such a manner, that in carrying them on, we may be also promoting our eternal interest. With the business of the world, let us properly intermix the exercises of devotion. By religious duties, and virtuous actions, let us study to prepare ourselves for a better world. In the midst of our labours, for this life, it ought never to be forgotten, that we must “ first seek the kingdom of God, and his righteousness ; and give diligence to make our calling and election sure ; ” otherwise, however active we may seem to be, our whole activity will prove only a laborious idleness ; we shall appear in the end to have been busy to no purpose, or to a purpose worse than none. Then only we fulfil the proper character of christians, when we join that pious zeal which becomes us as the servants of God, with that industry which is required of us as good members of society ; when according to the exhortation of the apostle, we are found “ not slothful in business,” and, at the same time, “ fervent in spirit, serving the Lord.”—*Blair*.

## THE BURNING OF MOSCOW.

About midnight, on the 16th of September, a cry arose that the city was on fire. The guard had first observed the flames issuing from the Exchange, and every effort was made to subdue the conflagration; but as fast as it was got under in one place, it arose in another with increased force, and spread with fearful rapidity from street to street. At first, the fire was attributed to accident, arising from the intoxication and heedlessness of the soldiers; but, as the wind changed, it was observed that new flames still arose in quarters whence the blaze would be most likely to be carried to the Kremlin. An alarming suspicion then began to gain ground, that the enemy had conceived the design of destroying the French army with the ancient capital of the empire, and of converting Moscow into the funeral pile of the mighty Napoleon:—a project which the negligence of the French contributed to render probable, as the Kremlin, unknown to them, contained a magazine of gunpowder; and various combustibles had been disposed so as to communicate with it. The night was hideous; and morning scarcely diminished the horrors of the scene, while it brought the dreadful certainty that the calamity was premeditated, and conducted with systematic skill and caution. The prisoners, released by Rostopchin, had been seen running from palace to palace, setting fire to everything consumable. The numerous and active French patrols were unable to arrest their progress, though several were taken with lighted matches and fire-balls in their possession, and instantly put to death. Police officers also had been seen with lances dipped in pitch, stirring the flames; and a number of frantic women had been met with lighted flambeaux spreading the work of destruction. The fountains had been destroyed, the water-pipes cut, and the fire-engines carried off, or rendered useless. When the soldiers attempted to enter apparently deserted houses, for the purpose of destroying the communication between them and those to which the flames had already extended, they were frequently driven back by volumes of smoke or bursting shells. It was no longer doubtful, in fact, that the Moscovites had determined to sacrifice everything rather than allow the conquerors a refuge on their soil.

Napoleon was not awakened during the night of the 16th. In the morning of the 17th, when he rose, the flames were raging in all parts of the city. He was excessively agitated when he heard the extent of the disaster, paced his apart-

ment hurriedly, quitted and resumed his seat, dictated hasty orders, and stood, from time to time, before the windows to



observe the progress of the fire. "What a frightful spectacle!" he exclaimed. "Such a number of palaces! The people are genuine Scythians!" During that day and following night, the conflagration raged with unabated violence. "Not even the fictions of the burning of Troy, though heightened by all the powers of poetry," said Napoleon, "could have equalled the reality of the destruction of Moscow!" In the night of the 17th, the fire was at its greatest height. The weather was dry, most of the houses of the capital were of wood, and the wind, which was high, whirled the smoke and fire in every direction. Large columns of flame, of various colours, shot up to the clouds, and covered the horizon, diffusing a glaring light and fierce heat to an almost incredible distance. In their rise and progress, these masses of fire were accompanied by loud whizzing noises, and by explosions louder and more terrible than thunder—the effects of the gunpowder, oil, resin, salt-

petre, and brandy, with which many of the churches, shops, and houses had been filled. The varnished iron plates that generally covered the buildings were torn off or melted by the heat, and, with large beams and rafters, were hurled through the air into the neighbouring plain.

Several of the poorest class of the Russians had remained in Moscow. These, after the departure of their countrymen, had occupied themselves in pillage, and remained in the city till the last moment to protect what they had so acquired. As the fire extended, they were to be seen in the streets staggering under the weight of immense packages, which they were generally compelled to abandon, in order to secure their personal escape. Women were also seen carrying one or two children on their shoulders, and dragging others by the hand, sheltering themselves for a time in the alleys and squares, and then flying with precipitation from the horrors which were closing around them. Old men, with long beards singed by the flames, crept along slowly and feebly; and were, in many cases, overtaken and destroyed by the coils of flame that followed them.

At length, it was reported that the Kremlin was on fire. Murat, Eugene, and Berthier, now urged Napoleon to seek for safety without the walls of the devoted capital. The Emperor was still unwilling to depart; but, on the repeated solicitations of his officers, he consented to remove to the castle of Petrowskoi, a palace of Peter the Great, situated on the Petersburg road, about a league from Moscow. The flames, however, had reached the gates of the citadel; and it was not till after long search that a postern was discovered, through which the Imperial escort could obtain egress. Hence they now endeavoured to pass over some rocks towards the Moskwa: but a roaring sea of fire was before them, coming nearer and nearer every moment. A single narrow, diverging street, crooked, and blazing in various parts, presented itself as a means of escape—it being impossible to go forward or backward. This outlet, too, looked more like a portal of Pandemonium than a road to safety; yet, into this formidable pass were Napoleon and his companions necessarily impelled. Their progress was over scorching cinders and stones; above them was a fiery arch formed of divided roofs and falling timbers; and around them continually scattered masses of burning ruins, and drops of molten iron and copper, from the crackling domes that were bursting and bubbling overhead. The heat and smoke almost blinded and suffocated them;

and, at last, the guide lost his way and stopped in bewilderment. All now gave themselves up for lost! At this fearful moment, they caught sight of Davoust and a number of his soldiers, who were in search of the Emperor. The Marshal, indeed, had signified his intention of rescuing or perishing with "the hope of France." Napoleon embraced the prince affectionately; but, throughout the whole of that trying day, never lost his composure. The last danger overcome, was the passing of a convoy of gunpowder, which was defiling through one of the blazing streets. The Emperor, as he looked back upon the city, after reaching Petrowskoi, exclaimed gloomily, "This forebodes us no common calamity!"

The troops were in the greatest consternation. Every one believed that there would no longer be sustenance, clothes, ammunition, or shelter for him; and the fear of this begat excesses, which it would have been utterly hopeless striving to repress. The soldiers braved dangers of the most formidable character, to obtain from the burning cellars, shops, and mansions, liquors, food, clothing, and articles of luxury. Many, regardless of the future, engaged themselves solely in rescuing from the conflagration such wines, liquors, and gold and silver, as they could collect; while others, as improvident and reckless; thought only upon the gaudy velvets, brocades, furs, and trinkets, with which the warehouses and bazaars of the merchants were stored.

The fire abated not until the 19th, when it began slowly to decrease for want of fuel. "Palaces and temples," says the Russian author Karamzin, "monuments of art, and miracles of luxury, the remains of ages long since past, and the creations of yesterday; the tombs of remote ancestors, and the cradles of children of the rising generation, were indiscriminately destroyed. Nothing was left of Moscow, save the remembrance of its former grandeur."

The Kremlin being still uninjured, and the fire in that quarter having subsided, Napoleon, on the morning of the 19th, again fixed his head-quarters in the palace of the Czars. The French army was now encamped in the open fields around Moscow, and their bivouacs presented one of the strangest spectacles which had, perhaps, ever been witnessed. Around large fires, maintained by fragments of rich cedar and mahogany furniture, and gilded sashes and doors, were ranged the soldiers who had achieved the conquest of Russia, sheltered from the piercing wind by a few planks rudely fastened together, the crevices of which were stuffed with smoky, dank,

and miry straw. Superb armed chairs and sofas, covered with silk, afforded seats and couches for all. Around were strewn in profusion Cachemire shawls, the finest Siberian furs, the gold cloths, pearls, and gems of Persia and of India, together with plates and dishes of solid silver, from which the men ate, voraciously, steaks or soup of horse-flesh, and black bread made of half-ground corn, baked in ashes. Tea, coffee, and sugar abounded, while the wholesome necessities of life were rarely to be met with; and the French were glad to exchange with the peasants, who began to approach from the surrounding country, the richest bales of merchandise for a few loaves of coarse bread. Between the camp and the city, the Emperor met numerous parties of soldiers dragging away new loads of plunder, or driving before them a number of the inhabitants, whom the fire had forced from their lurking places, bending under the pillage of their sacred capital.

*Life of Napoleon.*

PARAPHRASE ON THE TWENTY-THIRD PSALM.

The Lord is my shepherd—his hand gently leads me  
To fountains of freshness and streams ever pure :  
The Lord is my shepherd—his love kindly feeds me,  
In pastures of verdure, from danger secure.

From the snares of the tempter his grace shall defend me,  
And guide my faint steps to his own blessed fold :  
When I tread "the dark valley," my God shall befriend me—  
His presence shall cheer me, his staff shall uphold.

The path of my sorrow when foes are surrounding,  
Unforsaken, by Thee shall my table be spread :  
My cup with the gifts of thy mercy abounding—  
With wine for my weakness, and oil for my head.

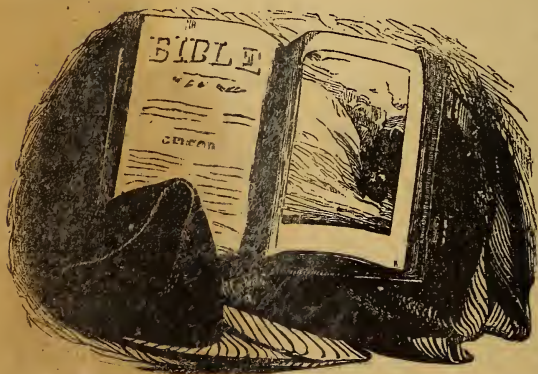
Assauring each grief, every comfort bestowing,  
Thy goodness my praise every hour shall employ.  
Accept, Lord, a heart, with thy mercies o'erflowing—  
Its home be thy temple—thy service its joy.

PARAPHRASE ON THE FORTY-SIXTH PSALM.

God is our strength—the hope that ne'er shall fail.  
Droop not, my heart—nor thou, my courage, quail.  
Though the firm earth to her foundations shake—  
Though crash the forests, and the mountains quake—  
Though upturn ocean in wild surges roll—  
Though the world tremble,—be thou firm, my soul ;

Rest on thy God, and upward turn thy eye  
 From earthly jars to that calm world on high—  
 To the pure stream, on whose eternal brink  
 Draughts of unfading joy the faithful drink.  
 Full as that stream that glads the bless'd abode  
 Flow the unbounded mercies of our God.  
 In heaven He reigns—in Sion, too, He dwells :  
 When foes assail her, He their power repels.  
 Fierce raged the band—God spake—the dread array  
 Melts as the mist before the beam of day.  
 God is our strength : beneath his saving arm,  
 We smile at danger and defy alarm.  
 Behold the wonders of his mighty hand !  
 Mark how destruction sweeps the ravaged land !  
 He breaks the battle—snaps the spear, the bow ;  
 Burns the proud car, and lays the victor low.  
 Bow, then, ye nations, to the Chastener's rod—  
 Bow your proud hearts, and trembling own your God.  
 God is our strength : beneath his saving arm,  
 We smile at danger and defy alarm.

*Rev. Thomas St. Lawrence.*



#### AUTHORITY AND EXCELLENCE OF THE SCRIPTURES.

There is no book in which we meet with so much to delight and to improve, to ravish and to instruct us ; no work in which lessons of morality are delivered with so pleasing a

familiarity, or so compulsive an authority, as in the Scriptures. None, in which facts so great or so interesting, are related in a manner at once so animated and correct, so plain and yet so full of elegance.

Different authors have made approaches towards excellence in their different modes of writing, but it is only in the Scriptures we must look for perfection. We admire Livy for his historic fire, and Seneca for his morality: but let us compare Livy with Moses, or Seneca with the author of the Proverbs, and we shall have cause for shame at the preference we have given them; nor among the poets, will Homer and Pindar make any better figure under an impartial eye, in comparison with the Psalmist and Isaiah.

The plan and scope of the Bible are extended beyond imagination. Unlike the systems delivered by those we affect to revere, which are confined and local, circumscribed in their bounds, and limited in their intentions, the extent of the field here taken, is as unlimited as space; the duration, as eternity.

Truth is universal and a native of all climes: and must be of equal force in distant regions, and in different worlds. Creatures formed by the same hand, have all the same obligations, and the same dependances: they are one progeny, whether parched under the torrid zone, or frozen near the pole; whether inhabitants of this world, or of the thousand others with which the regions of immensity are furnished.

The Scriptures are the language of the Creator to his creatures: they ordain the duties from those who have received blessings, to Him from whom those blessings flow; they inform us what relates to our happiness, not for a few transient years, but for eternity, and they lead the way to the enjoying that eternity—an eternity of bliss.

The first article advanced in the sacred writings is the existence of a God, and that ourselves and everything about us are the work of his hands. His laws are afterwards laid down, and dreadful instances produced of the effects of violating them. His peculiar favour to the people, who most, though very imperfectly, obeyed his instructions, is delivered with a warmth that ought to animate every reader; and lessons of morality, histories of amazing works, songs of praise, and promises of his mercy, his favour, and protection, to all who duly reverence his name, are found in every part of the inspirations of the law-giver and the prophets.

In the New Testament Scriptures, we are presented with a still clearer discovery of divine truth. The restrictions of

former dispensations are removed; their ambiguity is dissipated; the perfections of the Deity are more amply divulged: the purposes of salvation to a guilty world (in the Saviour), are accomplished; a more liberal and spiritual worship is introduced; the rule of duty and the consolations of religion are enlarged; and the doctrines of immortality and future retribution are unequivocally asserted.

To be at once entertained and improved, is the intent in reading. He who would have both gratified in the highest degree, must look to the highest fountain of knowledge for them! he must drink from that eternal spring, from which the purest of all others are but obscure and vague emanations.

## PORTRAIT OF MONTESQUIEU.

*(drawn by himself.)*

I have rarely experienced chagrin or listlessness. The temper of my mind is so happily framed, that all objects strike me with sufficient force to excite pleasure, but not with sufficient force to excite pain. I possess ambition enough to interest myself in the affairs of this life, but none to be disgusted with the situation wherein nature has placed me. Study has been the sovereign remedy against all the disquietudes of life, having never experienced any anxiety which an hour's reading did not dispel. I am almost as well pleased with fools as with men of sense; for there are few men so tiresome, as not to amuse me; and very often there is nothing so entertaining as a silly fellow.—I have always had a puerile fear of the generality of great men; but, when I have known them, there have been scarcely any bounds to my contempt of them.—I had naturally a love for the good and honour of my country, but little for what is called glory.—When I travelled into foreign parts, I felt the same attachment to them as to my own country. I took a lively interest in their welfare, and wished they had been in a more prosperous state.—I have thought that I discovered talents in men, who are reported to possess none.—When angry, which rarely happens, I show it without reserve.—I have never seen a tear fall without being sensibly affected.—I am passionately fond of friendship.—I readily forgive, because I am not vindictive.—When any one wishes to be reconciled to me, I have felt my vanity flattered, and have no longer considered as an enemy the man who has done me the favour of giving a good opinion of myself.—I have never suffered my temper to be ruffled by tale-bearers; and

would not take the trouble of hating. It is as impossible for me to pay a visit with an interested motive, as for me to stand on the air.—When I mingled with the world, I enjoyed it as if I could never endure retirement; when on my estate, I thought no more of the world.—I believe I am the only man who has published books without being anxious of obtaining the reputation of a wit. I never wished to appear so in company.—I have preserved all my friends, with the exception of one. I live with my children on the footing of friends.—Bashfulness has been the bane of my life; it seems to extinguish my senses, to tie up my tongue, to throw a cloud over my ideas, and to derange my expression.—I am a good subject, and should have been the same, in whatever country I had been born, because, I have been always satisfied with my condition and fortune, have never been ashamed of them, nor envied those of other men; because I wish for no other favour than the inestimable advantage of sharing in its blessings in common with the rest of my countrymen; and I thank Heaven, that, having given me mediocrity in all things, it has been pleased to endue my mind with a spirit of moderation.—I wish to have unaffected manners, to receive as few favours as possible, and to do as many as are in my power. If the immortality of the soul *be* a delusion, I should be sorry not to believe in it: for, I confess, I am not so humble as the atheists: I know how *they* think; but, for myself, I will not compromise the idea of immortality against that of the enjoyments of a day. I am delighted in believing that I am immortal as God himself: and, independently of revelation, metaphysical ideas afford me a very strong hope of everlasting happiness, a hope which I will never renounce.

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STORY OF UBERTO.

Genoa, a city on the Mediterranean, was once remarkable as a place of commerce. It was usually governed by a body of nobles; but, on one occasion, the nobles lost their power, and the city was managed for some time by a set of men elected by the people. The leading man in this popular government was Uberto, who, though originally poor, had risen, by his talents and industry, to be one of the most considerable merchants.

At length, by a violent effort, the nobles put down the popular government. They used their victory with rigour, in order to prevent any other attempt being made, in future,

to thrust them out of power. Uberto was seized as a traitor, and the nobles thought they used him very gently, when they only decreed that he should be banished for ever from Genoa, and deprived of all his property. To hear this sentence, he was brought before the new chief magistrate Adorno, a nobleman not void of generous feeling, but rendered proud by his sense of high rank, and fierce in consequence of the late broils. Indignant at Uberto, he passed the sentence in very insolent terms, saying: "You—you—the son of a base mechanic, who have dared to trample on the nobles of Genoa—you, by their clemency, are only doomed to shrink again into the nothing from which you sprang."

Uberto bowed respectfully to the court, but said to Adorno that perhaps he might hereafter find cause to repent the language he had used. He then set sail for Naples, where it chanced that some merchants were in his debt. They readily paid what they owed, and, with this small relic of his fortune, he proceeded to an island in the Archipelago, belonging to the state of Venice. Here his industry and talents for business soon raised him once more to wealth.

Among other places which he sometimes visited as a merchant, was the city of Tunis, at that time in friendship with the Venetians, though hostile to most of the other Italian states, and particularly to Genoa. In Tunis, where the people were Mahommedans, it was customary to make slaves of all Christians taken in war. As Uberto was on a visit to one of the first men of that place, at his country-house, he saw a young Christian slave at work in irons, whose appearance excited his compassion. The youth seemed to feel the labour too severe for his slender frame: he leaned at intervals upon his spade, while a sigh burst from his bosom, and a tear stole down his cheek. Uberto addressed him in Italian, and the young man eagerly caught the sounds of his native tongue. By a few kind words, Uberto soon drew from him that he was the son of Adorno, the chief magistrate of Genoa. The banished merchant started at the intelligence, but checked himself, and hastily walked away.

He immediately sought out the corsair captain who had taken the young Adorno. He asked what ransom was expected for the youth, and learned that, as he was believed to be a person of importance, not less than two thousand crowns would be taken. Uberto instantly paid the money. Taking a servant with a handsome suit of clothes, he returned to the young man, and told him he was free. With his own hands

he helped to take off the youth's fetters, and to change his dress. The young Adorno thought it all a dream, and at first could scarcely be persuaded that he was really no longer a slave. But Uberto soon convinced him by taking him home to his lodgings, and treating him with all the kindness due to a friend. When a proper opportunity occurred, the generous merchant put young Adorno into a vessel bound for Italy; and having given him a sum of money sufficient to bear his expenses to Genoa, he said, "My dear young friend, I could with much pleasure detain you longer here, if it were not for the thought that you must be anxious to return to your parents. Deign to accept of this provision for your voyage, and deliver this letter to your father. Farewell. I will not soon forget you, and I hope you will not soon forget me." The youth poured forth his thanks to his benefactor, and they parted with mutual tears and embraces.

Adorno and his wife, meanwhile, supposed that the ship containing their son had foundered at sea, and they had long given him up as dead. When he appeared before them, their mourning was changed into a transport of joy. They clasped him in their arms, and for some time could not speak. As soon as their agitation had a little subsided, the youth informed them how he had been taken prisoner, and made a slave, "And to whom," said Adorno, "am I indebted for the inestimable benefit of your liberation?"—"This letter," said the son, "will inform you." He opened it, and read as follows:

"That son of a vile mechanic, who told you that one day you might repent the scorn with which you treated him, has the satisfaction of seeing his prediction accomplished. For know, proud noble! that the deliverer of your only son from slavery is

THE BANISHED UBERTO."

Adorno dropped the letter, and covered his face with his hand, while his son expatiated on the virtues of Uberto, and the truly paternal kindness he had experienced from him. As the debt could not be cancelled, Adorno resolved, if possible, to repay it. He exerted himself amongst the nobles of Genoa, to induce them to reverse the sentence which had been passed on Uberto. Time having softened their feelings, they granted his request, and he soon had the pleasure of communicating to Uberto the intelligence that he was once more a citizen of Genoa. In the same letter he expressed his gratitude for his son's liberation, acknowledged the nobleness of Uberto's conduct, and requested his friendship. Uberto soon after returned to his native city, where he spent the remainder of his days in the enjoyment of general respect.

## THE CONVICT SHIP.

"Morn on the waters! and, purple and bright,  
 Bursts on the billows the flushing of light!  
 O'er the glad waves, like a child of the sun,  
 See the tall vessel goes gallantly on;  
 Full to the breeze she unbosoms her sail,  
 And her pennon streams onward, like hope, in the gale!  
 The winds come around her, in murmur and song,  
 And the surges rejoice as they bear her along!  
 Upward she points to the golden-edged clouds,  
 And the sailor sings gaily aloft in the shrouds!



Onward she glides, amid ripple and spray,  
 Over the waters—away, and away!  
 Bright as the visions of youth, ere they part,  
 Passing away, like a dream of the heart!—  
 Who—as the beautiful pageant sweeps by,  
 Music around her, and sunshine on high,—  
 Pauses to think, amid glitter and glow,  
 Oh! there be hearts that are breaking, below!

Night on the waves,—and the moon is on high,  
 Hung, like a gem, on the brow of the sky;  
 Treading its depths, in the power of her might,  
 And turning the clouds, as they pass her, to light;  
 Look to the waters!—asleep on their breast,  
 Seems not the ship like an island of rest?  
 Bright and alone on the shadowy main,  
 Like a heart-cherished home on some desolate plain!  
 Who—as she smiles in the silvery light,  
 Spreading her wings on the bosom of night,  
 Alone on the deep,—as the moon in the sky,—  
 A phantom of beauty!—could deem, with a sigh,  
 That so lovely a thing is the mansion of sin,  
 And souls that are smitten lie bursting, within!  
 Who—as he watches her silently gliding,—  
 Remembers that wave after wave is dividing

Bosoms that sorrow and guilt could not sever,  
 Hearts that are parted and broken for ever !  
 Or deems that he watches, afloat on the wave.  
 The death-bed of hope, or the young spirit's grave !

'Tis thus with our life, while it passes along,  
 Like a vessel at sea, amid sunshine and song !  
 Gaily we glide, in the gaze of the world,  
 With streamers afloat, and with canvass unfurled ;  
 All gladness and glory to wandering eyes,  
 Yet chartered by sorrow, and freighted with sighs ;—  
 Fading and false is the aspect it wears,  
 As the smiles we put on—just to cover our tears ;  
 And the withering thoughts which the world cannot know,  
 Like heart-broken exiles, lie burning below ;  
 While the vessel drives on to that desolate shore  
 Where the dreams of our childhood are vanished and o'er !  
*T. K. Hervey.*

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FAMINE.

“First, sir,” she said, “we had for some days fared exceedingly hard, and suffered very great hunger, but now at last we were wholly without food of any kind, except sugar, and a little wine, and a little water. The first day after I had received no food at all, I found myself, toward the evening, first empty and sickish at my stomach, and nearer night mightily inclined to yawning, and sleepy ; I lay down on a couch in the great cabin to sleep, and slept about three hours and awaked a little refreshed, having taken a glass of wine, when I lay down. After being about three hours awake, it being about five o’clock in the morning, I found myself empty, and my stomach sickish again, and lay down again, but could not sleep at all, being very faint and ill ; and thus I continued all the second day with a strange variety—first hungry, then sick again, with retchings to vomit. The second night, being obliged to go to bed again without any food more than a draught of fair water, and being asleep, I dreamed I was at Barbadoes, and that the market was mightily stocked with provisions ; that I bought some for my mistress and went and dined very heartily.

I thought my stomach was full after this, as it would have been after or at a good dinner ; but when I waked, I was exceedingly sunk in my spirits, to find myself in the extremity of famine ; the last glass of wine we had I drank, and put

sugar into it, because of its having some spirit to supply nourishment; but there being no substance in the stomach for the digesting office to work upon, I found the only effect of the wine was to raise disagreeable fumes from the stomach into the head: and I lay, as they told me, stupid and senseless, as one drunk, for some time.

The third day, in the morning, after a night of strange and confused inconsistent dreams, and rather dozing than sleeping, I awaked ravenous and furious with hunger; and I question, had not my understanding returned and conquered it, I say, I question, whether, if I had been a mother, and had a little child with me, its life would have been safe or no.

This lasted about three hours, during which time I was twice raging mad as any creature in Bedlam, as my young master told me, and as he now can inform you.

In one of these fits of lunacy or distraction, whether by the motion of the ship or some slip of my foot I know not, I fell down, and struck my face against the corner of a pallet-bed, in which my mistress lay, and with the blow the blood gushed out of my nose, and the cabin boy bringing me a little basin, I sat down and bled into it a great deal; and as the blood ran from me I came to myself, and the violence of the flame or the fever I was in abated, and so did the ravenous part of the hunger.

Then I grew sick, and retched to vomit, but could not, for I had nothing in my stomach to bring up. After I had bled some time I swooned, and they all believed I was dead; but I came to myself soon after, and then had a most dreadful pain in my stomach, not to be described, not like the colic, but a gnawing eager pain for food; and towards night it went off with a kind of earnest wishing or longing for food. I took another draught of water with sugar in it, but my stomach loathed the sugar, and brought it all up again; then I took a draught of water without sugar, and that staid with me, and I laid me down upon the bed, praying most heartily that it would please God to take me away; and, composing my mind in hopes of it, I slumbered a while, and then waking, thought myself dying, being light with vapours from an empty stomach; I recommended my soul to God, and earnestly wished that somebody would throw me into the sea.

All this while my mistress lay by me, just, as I thought, expiring, but bore it with much more patience than I, and gave the last bit of bread she had to her child, my young master, who would not have taken it, but she obliged him to eat it, and I believed it saved his life.

Towards the morning I slept again, and first when I awaked I fell into a violent passion of crying, and after that had a second fit of violent hunger, so that I got up ravenous, and in a most dreadful condition. Had my mistress been dead, so much as I loved her, I am certain I should have eaten a piece of her flesh, with as much relish, and as unconcerned, as ever I did the flesh of any creature appointed for food ; and once



or twice I was going to bite my own arm. At last I saw the basin in which was the blood I had bled at my nose the day before ; I ran to it, and swallowed it with much haste, and such a greedy appetite, as if I had wondered nobody had taken it before, and afraid it should be taken from me now..

Though, after it was down, the thoughts of it filled me with horror, yet it checked the fit of hunger, and I drank a draught of fair water, and was composed and refreshed for some hours after it. This was the fourth day ; and thus I held it till towards night, when, within the compass of three hours, I had all these several circumstances over again, one after another, namely, sick, sleepy, eagerly hungry, pain in the stomach, then ravenous again, then sick again, then lunatic, then crying, then ravenous again, and so every quarter of an hour ; and my strength wasted exceedingly. At night I laid me down, having no comfort but in the hope that I should die before morning.

All this night I had no sleep, but the hunger was now

turned into a disease, and I had a terrible colic and griping, wind instead of food having found its way into my bowels; and in this condition I lay till morning, when I was surprised a little with the cries and lamentations of my young master, who called out to me that his mother was dead. I lifted myself up a little, for I had not strength to rise, but found she was not dead, though she was able to give very little signs of life.

I had then such convulsions in my stomach, for want of some sustenance, that I cannot describe them, with such frequent throes and pangs of appetite, that nothing but the tortures of death can imitate; and this condition I was in when I heard the seamen above cry out, 'A sail! a sail!' and halloo and jump about as if they were distracted.

I was not able to get off from the bed, and my mistress much less, and my master was so sick that I thought he had been expiring; so we could not open the cabin-door, or get any account what it was that occasioned such a combustion; nor had we any conversation with the ship's company for two days, they having told us they had not a mouthful of anything to eat in the ship; and they told us afterwards they thought we had been dead.

It was this dreadful condition we were in when you were sent to save our lives; and how you found us, sir, you know as well as I, and better too."

*De Foe.*

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#### BIRDS.

Birds! birds! ye are beautiful things,  
With your earth-treading feet and your cloud-cleaving wings.  
Where shall Man wander, and where shall he dwell.  
Beautiful birds, that ye come not as well?



Ye have nests on the mountains all rugged and stark,  
Ye have nests in the forest all tangled and dark;

Ye build and ye brood 'neath the cottagers' eaves,  
 And ye sleep in the sod mid the bonnie green leaves ;  
 Ye hide in the heather, ye lurk in the brake,  
 Ye dive in the sweet flags that shadow the lake ;



Ye skim where the stream parts the orchard-deck'd land,  
 Ye dance where the foam sweeps the desolate strand ;  
 Beautiful birds, ye come thickly around,  
 When the bud's on the branch, and the snow's on the ground ;  
 Ye come when the richest of roses flush out,  
 And ye come when the yellow leaf eddies about.

Grey-haired pilgrim, thou hast been  
 Round the chequered world I ween ;  
 Thou hast lived in happy lands,  
 Where the thriving city stands ;  
 Thou hast travelled far to see  
 Where the city used to be ;  
 Chance and change are everywhere—  
 Riches here and ruins there.  
 Pilgrim, thou hast gazed on all,  
 On rising pile and fading wall.  
 Tell us, saw ye not, brave birds,  
     In the crumbled halls of old,  
 Where monarch's smile and ruler's words  
     Breathed above the chalice gold ?  
 Say, who is it now that waits  
 At the "hundred brazen gates ?"  
 Who is now the great High Priest,  
 Bending o'er the carrion feast ?

Who is now the reigning one,  
 O'er the dust of Babylon?  
 It is the owl with doleful scream,  
 Waking the jackall from his dream;  
 It is the raven black and sleek,  
 With shining claw and sharpened beak;  
 It is the vulture, sitting high,  
 In mockery of thrones gone by.

Pilgrim, say, what dost thou meet  
 In busy mart and crowded street?  
 There the smoke-brown sparrow sits,  
 There the dingy martin flits;  
 There the tribe from dove-house coop,



Take their joyous morning swoop,  
 There the treasured singing pet,  
 In his narrow cage is set,  
 Welcoming the beams that come  
 Upon his gilded prison-home.

\* \* \* \*

Pilgrim, say, who was it show'd  
 A ready pathway to the Alp?  
 Who was it crossed your lonely road,  
 From the valley to the scalp?  
 Tired and timid friends had failed,  
 Resting in the hut below,  
 But your bold heart still was hailed  
 By the eagle and the crow!

\* \* \* \*

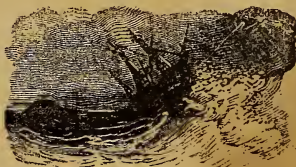
Mariner! mariner! thou may'st go  
 Far as the strongest wind can blow;  
 But much thou'lt tell when thou comest back,  
 Of the sea running high, and the sky growing black;  
 Of the mast that went with a rending crash,  
 Of the lee-shore seen by the lightning's flash;

And never shalt thou forget to speak  
Of the white gull's cry and the petrel's shriek.



For out on the ocean, leagues away,  
Madly skimmeth the boding flock ;  
The storm-fire burns, but what care they ?  
'Tis the season of joy and the time for play,  
When the thunder-peal and the breaker's spray  
Are bursting and boiling around the rock.

\* \* \* \*



Up in the morning, while the dew  
Is splashing in crystals o'er him,  
The ploughman hies to the upland rise ;  
But the lark is there before him.  
He sings while the team is yoked to the share,  
He sings when the mist is going,  
He sings when the noon-tide south is fair,  
He sings when the west is glowing ;  
Now his pinions are spread o'er the peasant's head,  
Now he drops in the furrow behind him,  
Oh ! the lark is a merry and constant mate,  
Without favour or fear to bind him.

Beautiful birds ! how the schoolboy remembers  
The warblers that chorussed his holiday tune,  
The robin that chirp'd in the frosty Decembers,  
The blackbird that whistled through flower-crowned June,  
That schoolboy remembers his holiday ramble,  
When he pulled every blossom of palm he could see,

When his finger was raised as he stopped in the bramble,  
 With "Hark! there's the cuckoo, how close he must be."



Beautiful birds! we've encircled thy names  
 With the fairest of fruits and the fiercest of flames.  
 We paint War with his eagle, and Peace with her dove,  
 With the red bolt of Death, and the olive of Love;  
 The fountain of Friendship is never complete  
 Till ye coo o'er its waters, so sparkling and sweet;



And where is the hand that would dare to divide  
 Even Wisdom's grave self from the owl by her side?

Beautiful creatures of freedom and light,  
 Oh! where is the eye that groweth not bright  
 As it watches you trimming your soft, glossy coats,  
 Swelling your bosoms, and ruffling your throats?  
 Oh! I would not ask, as the old ditties sing,  
 To be "happy as sand-boy" or "happy as king,"  
 For the joy is more blissful that bids me declare,  
 "I'm as happy as all the wild-birds in the air."  
 I will tell them to find me a grave, when I die,  
 Where no marble will shut out the glorious sky;  
 Let them give me a tomb where the daisy will bloom,  
 Where the moon will shine down, and the leveret pass by;  
 But be sure there's a tree stretching out, high and wide,  
 Where the linnet, thrush, and the woodlark may hide,  
 For the truest and purest of requiems heard  
 Is the eloquent hymn of the beautiful bird.

*Eliza Cook.*

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THE THREE YOUNG PAINTERS.

At one of the celebrated schools of painting in Italy, a young man named Guidotto produced a piece so well painted, that it was the admiration of the masters in the art, who all declared it to be their opinion that he could not fail of rising to the summit of his profession, should he proceed as he had begun.

This performance was looked upon with very different eyes by two of his fellow-scholars. Brunello, the elder of them, who had himself acquired some reputation in his studies, was mortified in the highest degree at this superiority of Guidotto; and regarding all the honour his rival had acquired as so much taken from himself, he conceived the most rancorous dislike of him, and longed for nothing so much as to see him lose the credit he had gained. Afraid openly to decry the merit of a work which had obtained the approbation of the best judges, he threw out secret insinuations that Guidotto had been assisted in it by one or other of his masters; and he affected to represent it as a sort of lucky hit, which the reputed author would probably never equal.

Not so Lorenzo. Though a very young proficient in the art, he comprehended in its full extent the excellence of Guidotto's performance, and became one of the sincerest of his admirers. Fired with the praises he saw him receive on all sides, he ardently longed one day to deserve the like. He

placed him before his eyes as a fair model, which it was his highest ambition to arrive at equalling—for as to excelling him, he could not as yet conceive the possibility of it. He never spoke of him but with rapture, and could not bear to hear the detractions of Brunello.

But Lorenzo did not content himself with words. He entered with his whole soul into the career of improvement—was first and last of all the scholars in the designing room—and devoted to practice at home those hours which the other youths passed in amusement. It was long before he could please himself with any of his attempts, and he was continually repeating over them, “Alas! how far distant is this from Guidotto’s!” At length, however, he had the satisfaction of becoming sensible of progress; and having received considerable applause on account of one of his performances, he ventured to say to himself, “And why may not I too become a Guidotto?”

Meanwhile, Guidotto continued to bear away the palm from all competitors. Brunello struggled a while to contest with him, but at length gave up the point, and consoled himself under his inferiority by ill-natured sarcasm and petulant criticism. Lorenzo worked away in silence, and it was long before his modesty would allow him to place any piece of his in view at the same time with one of Guidotto’s.

There was a certain day in the year in which it was customary for all the scholars to exhibit their best performance in a public hall, where their merit was solemnly judged by a number of select examiners, and a prize of value was awarded

to the most excellent. Guidotto had prepared for this anniversary a piece which was to excel all he had before executed. He had just finished it on the evening before the exhibition, and nothing remained but to heighten the colour by means of a transparent varnish. The malignant Brunello contrived artfully to convey into the phial containing this varnish some drops

of a caustic preparation, the effect of which would be entirely to destroy the beauty and splendour of the piece. Guidotto laid it on by candle-light, and then with great satisfaction hung up his picture in the public room against the morrow.

Lorenzo, too, with beating heart, had prepared himself for



the day. With vast application he had finished a piece which he humbly hoped might appear not greatly inferior to some of Guidotto's earlier performances.

The important day was now arrived. The company assembled, and were introduced into the great room, where the light had just been fully admitted by drawing up a curtain. All went up with raised expectations to Guidotto's picture, when behold! instead of the brilliant beauty they had conceived, there was nothing but a dead surface of confused and blotched colours. "Surely," they cried, "this cannot be Guidotto's!" The unfortunate youth himself came up, and, on beholding the dismal change of his favourite piece, burst out into an agony of grief, and exclaimed that he was betrayed and undone. The vile Brunello in a corner was enjoying his distress. But Lorenzo was little less affected than Guidotto himself. "Trick! knavery!" he cried. "Indeed, gentlemen, this is not Guidotto's work. I saw it when only half finished, and it was a most charming performance. Look at the outline, and judge what it must have been before it was so basely injured."

The spectators were all struck with Lorenzo's generous warmth, and sympathised in the disgrace of Guidotto; but it was impossible to adjudge the prize to his picture in the state in which they beheld it. They examined all the others attentively, and that of Lorenzo, till then an unknown artist to them, gained a great majority of suffrages. The prize was therefore awarded to him; but Lorenzo, on receiving it, went up to Guidotto, and presenting it to him, said, "Take what merit would have undoubtedly acquired for you, had not the basest malice and envy defrauded you of it. To me it is honour enough to be accounted your second. If hereafter I may aspire to equal you, it shall be by means of fair competition, not by the aid of treachery."

Lorenzo's nobleness of conduct excited the warmest encomiums among the judges, who at length determined, that for this time there should be two equal prizes distributed; for that if Guidotto had deserved the prize of painting, Lorenzo was entitled to that of virtue.

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#### THE CHINESE.

The vital and universally operating principle of the Chinese government is the duty of submission to parental authority, whether vested in the parents themselves, or in their repre-

sentatives, and is properly to be considered as a general rule of action. It is inculcated with the greatest force in the writings of the first of their philosophers and legislators; it has survived each successive dynasty, and all the various changes and revolutions which the state has undergone. Parental authority and prerogative seem to be obviously the most respectable of titles, and parental regard and affection the most amiable of characters, with which sovereign and magisterial power can be invested, and are those under which it is natural to suppose it may most easily be perpetuated. By such principles the Chinese have been distinguished ever since their first existence as a nation; by such ties the vast and increasing population of China is still united as one people, subject to



one supreme government, and uniform in its habits, manners, and language. In this state, in spite of every internal and external convulsion, it may possibly very long continue.

Their code of laws, in everything relating to political freedom, or individual independence, appears to be sadly defective; but for the repression of disorder, and the gentle coercion of a vast population, it is on the other hand equally mild and efficacious. The criminal punishments are strangulation and decapitation, which

are inflicted in all cases of burglary and homicide. Infanticide is punished only with the bamboo, and a twelvemonth's imprisonment; while it is a capital offence to strike or curse a parent. Minor offences are punished with an application of the bamboo, the severity of the punishment being always in proportion to the offence; or with the 'cangue,' a kind of wooden collar in which the criminal is placed, sometimes for a month together, and his offence is detailed in writing and attached to the instrument of torture. As it is impossible for the offender, while in this position, to raise his hands to his mouth, he must, during the time of his expiation, therefore, depend on the kindness of others for his supply of food.

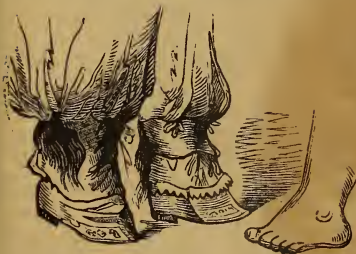
The features and the shape of the skull of the Chinese prove their descent from the Mongols; but a residence of many centuries in a milder climate has softened their characteristic marks.

Females are not only excluded from all concern in the government, throughout the whole of its degrees and departments, and regarded as a sort of property, which parents may sell, and husbands purchase; but a fashion has been introduced, by which they are all but confined to the dwellings of their purchasers. It is the established opinion, both of men and women, and it has been so long established that the absurdity of it is not perceived, that the smaller the female foot can be rendered, by artificial means, the more does it add to the handsomeness



and the attractions of its possessor. In consequence of this the feet of females are strongly compressed by unnatural methods at a very early period of life; and on this account they have not, when the female grows up, half the size which

is necessary for a symmetrical and useful foot. The consequence is, that there is no spring or elasticity in the deformed bones and compressed tendons; and a Chinese lady, even of the highest rank, can neither dance nor walk gracefully; but shuffles and totters along



as if she walked on pegs, and not on feet. The trembling motion thus given to the poor women as they hobble along upon their heels, is, by the men, compared to the waving of a

willow agitated by the breeze. This incapacity of females to move about with ease and grace, renders them unfit for appearing in public places, except as helpless dependants upon the other sex. Thus they are cut off from that arena upon which females appear in their most captivating attitude in other countries; and the simple fact of crippling their feet deprives them of that empire which is held by women in the countries of the west.

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THE PUPILAGE OF CARADOC.

A vision of departed days—a dream  
Of Mona's desecrated glens,—a voice  
From the lone genius of the Druid's Isle!

The Iris hues of sunset had been gathered,  
Singly and stealthily, into evening's pall:  
The wild bee's, and the thrush's vesper hymn  
Had died in faint and fitful cadences,—  
Like Memory's snatches of Love's buried tones:  
The stars with pale, yet spreading, lustre, twinkled,  
Rapidly forth, like dark eyed beauty's tears  
At sorrow's tale.

Within a forest glade,—  
A wild secluded spot, girt by hoar trees,



And, here and there, fantastically studded  
With gnarl'd and briar-clasp'd oaks,—there is a cairn,

Of mossy unhewn stone, emerging from,  
 —As of its growth, and not erected on,—  
 The daisy-sprinkled velvet of the sward.  
 And lo! there are two shadows, thrown athwart  
 The chrystal-sparkling verdure of the scene,—  
 Scarce human-seeming,—moving toward that pile,—  
 Like untomb'd spirits to their resting place.  
 And now they pause—an old man and a lad;—  
 A Druid, and a regal-cinctur'd youth;  
 Meuric the Seer—and Caradoc the Prince.  
 In deep, absorbing converse both are fix'd;—  
 Each on the other, and anon, towards Heaven,  
 Gazing with rapture. Hark; through the still air,  
 Their glowing voices now are audible.

*Caradoc.*—And yon star, Father, is't indeed the home.—  
 The Palace Hall of Spirits?

*Meuric.*

*Caradoc!*

'Tis Albion's load-star; 'tis the sunny Isle,  
 To which the parted spirits of the brave—  
 The wise—the guileless, and the gifted, fleet;  
 It is a land of radiant love and beauty;  
 The bright goal of the young heart's lonely yearnings,  
 With foul oppression, early blighted hopes,  
 Or withering memory, starts the bitter tear.  
 There in eternal youth, 'mid endless spring,  
 And living streams, and never failing fruits,  
 And flowers, and scenes, to which our world were bleak,  
 And dim, and cavernous,—immortal forms,—  
 The essences of earth's intelligence,—  
 Sinless and sorrowless and free,—repose.

*Caradoc.*—Oh! Meuric—'tis not idly, then, the vulgar  
 Have awe of starry influence—I feel—  
 And my heart leaps with ecstasy—I feel—  
 Their power to point and sway man's destiny!—  
 To be the 'habitant of yonder star,—  
 To be enshrined in that immac'late gem,—  
 I could endure a century of torture.  
 Would that the patriot's death were mine e'en now!

*Meuric.*—Youth—thy wild wish is sinful. 'Tis not death,  
 But life—th' enduring virtue of long trial,—  
 The faith that holds through dire adversity,  
 Yet melts the heart in its triumphal hour,  
 That tells of innate worth.

*Caradoc.* And have I not  
 The germ of such a zeal as this within me?  
 High thoughts, and feelings indescribable  
 Are in my brain; my heart, and my soul swells,  
 As it would burst its fleshy confines! Fame,  
 In bardic lays, to crown my memory,  
 And beauty's lips to breathe my cherished name,  
 In after years, while my embodied spirit,  
 Holds high communion with the good and great,  
 Sages and heroes—minds that,—lent to earth,  
 Just flashed their brightness on us, and departed!  
 These visions flit before my mental sight.  
 Father! this is a sacred place, a holy hour;  
 The insolent, and steel-clad, stranger-foe,—  
 The eagle-bearing victors of our Isle,  
 Prey on our land, enslave our free-born brothers,  
 And, mocking, dare profane our sacred rites;  
 I pray thee—ere my breast's wild throbbing cease,  
 Or ere the golden lustre of yon star,  
 Becomes obscured; here, in the hallowed presence  
 Of those who once inherited our fields,  
 And who still love and watch our sea-girt shores,  
 And look upon *us* now; to dedicate me,  
 In solemn consecration, to the cause  
 Of Freedom and my native land!

*Meuric.*— Prince Caradoc!  
 Thy fate is fixed, thy destiny is sealed;  
 Nor oaths, nor mystic rites can bind it firmer.  
 A proud, a long, and glorious course is thine:  
 Onward from steep, to still more dizzy heights  
 Of valorous daring, for thy country's weal,  
 I see thee spring, and hear Fame's echoes rise!  
 Ingenuous nobleness is on thy brow,  
 With scorn and hate of tyranny: the lightning  
 Of thy dark, swimming and delated eye,  
 Strikes to the conqueror's heart—and—

*Caradoc.* Thy rapt words  
 Breathe inspiration, but—

*Meuric.* The spell is past;  
 The dream has vanished:—seek to know no more.  
 The patriot's oaken wreath, and virtue's praise,  
 Shall buoy thy memory o'er the wreck of ages!—  
 Thy soul shall be a dwelling place of light!

*G. Moir Bussey*

## THE FURLOUGH.



My furlough had nearly expired; and, as I was to leave the village the next morning to join my regiment, then on the point of being shipped off at Plymouth, for India, several of my old companions spent the evening with me, in the Marquis of Granby. They were joyous, hearty lads; but mirth bred thirst, and drinking begot contention.

I was myself the soberest of the squad, and did what I could to appease their quarrels. The liquor, however, had more power than my persuasion, and at last it so exasperated some foolish difference about a song, between Dick Winlaw and Jem Bradley, that they fell to fighting, and so the party broke up.

Bradley was a handsome, bold, fine fellow, and I had more than once urged him to enlist in our corps. Soon after quitting the house, he joined me on my way home, and I spoke to him again about enlisting, but his blood was still hot—he would abide no reason—he could only swear of the revenge he would inflict upon Winlaw. This led to some remonstrance on my part, for Bradley was to blame in the dispute; till, from less to more we both grew fierce, and he struck me such a blow in the face, that my bayonet leaped into his heart.

My passion was in the same moment quenched. I saw him dead at my feet—I heard footsteps approaching—I fled towards my father's house—the door was left unbolted for me. I crept softly, but in a flutter to bed,—but I could not sleep, I was stunned; a fearful consternation was upon me;—a hurry was in my brain—my mind was on fire. I could not believe that I had killed Bradley. I thought it was the nightmare which had so poisoned my sleep. My tongue became as parched as charcoal; had I been choking with ashes, my throat could not have been filled with more thirst, I breathed as if I were suffocated from the dry dust into which the dead are changed.

After a time, that fit of burning agony went off;—tears came into my eyes;—my nature was softened. I thought of Bradley when we were boys, and of the summer days we had spent together. I never owed him a grudge—his blow was

occasioned by the liquor—a freer heart than his, mercy never opened ; and I wept like a maiden,

The day at last began to dawn. I had thrown myself on the bed without undressing, and I started up involuntarily and moved hastily—I should rather say instinctively—towards the door. My father heard the stir, and inquired wherefore I was departing so early. I begged him not to be disturbed ; my voice was troubled, and he spoke to me kindly and encouragingly, exhorting me to eschew riotous companions ; I could make no reply—indeed I heard no more.

But through all that horror and frenzy, I felt not that I had committed a crime—the deed was the doing of a flash. I was conscious I could never in cold blood have harmed a hair of Bradley's head. I considered myself unfortunate, but not guilty ; and this fond persuasion so pacified my alarms, that, by the time I reached Portsmouth, I almost thought as lightly of what I had done, as of the fate of the gallant French dragoon, whom I sabred at Salamanca.

But ever and anon, during the course of our long voyage to India, sadder after-thoughts often came upon me. In those trances, I saw, as it were, our pleasant village green, all sparkling again with schoolboys at their pastimes ; then I fancied them gathered into groups, and telling the story of the murder ; again, moving away in silence towards the church-yard, to look at the grave of poor Bradley. Still, however, I was loth to believe myself a criminal ; and so, from day to day, the time passed on, without any outward change revealing what was passing within, to the observance or suspicion of my comrades. When the regiment was sent against the Burmese, the bravery of the war, and the hardships of our adventures, so won me from reflection, that I began almost to forget the accident of that fatal night.

One day, however, while I was waiting in an outer room of the Colonel's quarters, I chanced to take up a London newspaper, and the first thing in it which caught my eye was an account of the trial and execution of Dick Winlaw, for the murder of Bradley. The dreadful story scorched my eyes ;—I read as if every word had been fire,—it was a wild and wonderful account of all. The farewell party at the Granby was described by the witnesses. I was spoken of by them with kindness and commendation ; the quarrel between Bradley and Winlaw was described as in a picture ; and my attempt to restrain them was pointed out by the judge, in his charge to the jury, as a beautiful example of loving old com-

panionship. Winlaw had been found near the body, and the presumptions of guilt were so strong and manifold, that the jury, without retiring, found him guilty. He was executed on



the Common, and his body hung in chains. Then it was that I first felt that I was a murderer,—then it was that the molten sulphur of remorse was poured into my bosom, rushing, spreading, burning and devouring: but it changed not the bronze with which hardship had masked my cheek, nor the steel to which danger had tempered my nerves.

I obeyed the Colonel's orders as unmoved as if nothing had happened. I did my duty with habitual precision—my hands were steady, my limbs were firm; but my tongue was incapable of uttering a word. My comrades, as they came towards me, suddenly halted, and turned aside,—strangers looked at me, as if I bore the impress of some fearful thing. I was removed, as it were, out of myself—I was in another state of being—I was in hell.

Next morning we had a skirmish, in which I received this wound in my knee; and soon afterwards, with other invalids, I was ordered home. We were landed at Portsmouth, and I proceeded to my native village. But in this I had no will nor choice; a chain was around me, which I could not resist, drawing me on. Often did I pause and turn, wishing to change my route; but Fate held me fast, and I was enchanted by the spell of many an old and dear recollection, to revisit those things which had lost their innocence and holiness to me.

The day had been sultry, the sun set with a drowsy eye, and the evening air was moist, warm, and oppressive. It weighed heavily alike on mind and body. I was crippled by my wound—the journey was longer than my strength could sustain, much further,—still I resolved to persevere, for I longed to be again in my father's house; and I fancied, were I once there, that the burning of my bosom would abate.

During my absence in India, the new road across the Common had been opened. By the time I reached it, the night was closed in,—a dull, starless, breezeless, dumb, sluggish, and unwholesome night; and those things which still retained in their shapes some blackness, deeper than the darkness, seemed, as I slowly passed by, to be endowed with

a mysterious intelligence, with which my spirit would have held communion but for dread.

While I was frozen with the influence of this dreadful phantasy, I saw a pale, glimmering, ineffectual light rising before me; it was neither lamp, fire, nor candle; and though like, it was yet not flame. I took it at first for the lustre of a reflection from some unseen light, and I walked towards it, in the hope of finding a cottage or an alehouse, where I might obtain some refreshment and a little rest. I advanced,—its form enlarged, but its beam became no brighter; and the horror, which had for a moment left me when it was first discovered, returned with overwhelming power.

I rushed forward, but soon halted—for I saw that it moved in the air, and as I approached, that it began to take a ghastly and spectral form! I discerned the lineaments of a head, and the hideous outlines of a shapeless anatomy. I stood riveted to the spot; for I thought that I saw behind it, a dark and vast thing, in whose hand it was held forth. In that moment, a voice said,—‘It is Winlaw the murderer; his bones often, in the moist summer nights, shine out in this way; it is thought to be an acknowledgment of his guilt, for he died protesting his innocence.’—The person who addressed me was your Honour’s gamekeeper, and the story I have told is the cause of my having desired him to bring me here.—*Galt.*



#### CONCHOLOGY.

*C.* Papa, what is the meaning of this hard word—conchology?

*F.* Conchology means the knowledge of shells.

*C.* But what knowledge can one get from shells? they are very pretty indeed, but that I can see without conchology.

*F.* Every shell is a house, containing one or more living inhabitants, whose habits and mode of existence are sometimes very curious.

*C.* Now here is this poor stupid muscle—there is nothing inside that I can see but a soft lump without any shape, and no signs of life; what can there be curious in that?

*F.* The shapeless lump, as you call it, has a regular figure, with parts as necessary to the fish as arms and legs to a man.

*C.* Oh, now I see it begins to move, and change its shape like a snail: but it has no eyes like those of a snail's horns.

*F.* No, because eyes are not necessary. You see those threads hanging out of the end of the shell; by these it is firmly fixed to a rock or other substance, and all the waves of the sea cannot disturb it: it wants therefore, no eyes to see its way, because it never moves from place to place; but when they are necessary for its security, nature supplies them in a very curious manner.

*C.* Oh, dear papa tell me how.

*F.* There is a large kind of muscle called the *pinna*, and it has a voracious enemy called the cuttle-fish, which has eight long arms; and whenever the poor *pinna* opens its shells to take in its food, the cuttle-fish is on the watch to thrust in its long arms to devour it, if a good friend of the *pinna*, who lodges in her house, was not at hand to prevent him.

*C.* A friend who lodges in her house? Oh papa, you are joking.

*F.* The friend is a little crab, which the *pinna* suffers to live in her shell, and 'who pays her,' as an old writer says, 'a good price for his lodging.' The little crab has red eyes, and sees very sharply; so whenever his blind friend opens her shell, he is always on the watch for the enemy; and as soon as he sees him coming with his long arms like an ogre, he gives notice to the *pinna* by giving her a little pinch with his claw, and immediately she closes her large shell, as a careful person locks up his house and shuts out a robber.

*C.* Is that true, papa?

*F.* It is mentioned by many writers, both in ancient and modern times, who have watched the fishes and seen the circumstance.

*C.* Did you ever see it?

*F.* I did when I was in the East. The harbour of Smyrna is full of this large muscle, and also abounds with cuttle-fish. I was one day crossing in a boat; and, as the water was very clear, I saw several at the bottom, and some *pinnas* opening and some closing their shells; so I was curious to examine them. One of the sailors swam remarkably well: he leaped overboard, dived down, and brought up several of the fish; in every one of them there was a little crab. As soon as the *pinna* opened her shell, he appeared like a sentinel, with his red eyes; and when anything approached, he ran in, seemed

to warn his friend, and the shell closed. The crab is, therefore, called pinnophylax, or the muscle's guardian.

C. This is very curious indeed; but is the fish any use to us?

F. Besides being food for man, for whose support all things were created, the beard or threads of a muscle are applied to a good purpose: they are sometimes so long that the fish hangs suspended by them from some projection to a considerable depth in the water. These 'silver cords' are very fine and strong, like fibres of silk, and are used for the same purpose: they are manufactured into different articles of dress, and I have seen gloves and stockings made of them.

C. Oh, I should like to have a pair of muscle gloves; but is there anything else curious or useful in the fish?

F. Yes, there is another kind, called *mya*, inhabiting fresh water, which yields fine pearls. It is frequently found in the rivers of the north of Ireland, and I have seen some very large pearls indeed taken from the shell. They are also frequently found in England; and some authors say that Julius Cæsar, who, you know, invaded England a long time ago, was induced to come here in search of those fine pearls, of which he had heard a great account from the Gauls, who traded to this country.

C. Is the pearl of any use to the fish?

F. No doubt but it is; the covering of shell fish is intended by Providence as their house; and, like all houses, require to be repaired or enlarged, as the inhabitants require. Nature therefore, provides for all the means of doing this, in different ways. In the common snail there is a substance at the point of the shell, which is so viscid or tough, that when taken out, mends broken glass: this is conveyed to the edge of the shell by a little tube, and continually enlarges it as the animal increases in size. In crabs there is also a substance which you may have often seen called, improperly, the *crab's eyes*, and used as medicine in apothecaries' shops: this is also intended to repair or enlarge the crab's house, as he wants it. It is very justly supposed that the pearl is intended for the same purpose by nature, for the use of the shell-fish in which it is found.

C. I had no idea there were so many useful and curious things in a muscle: I suppose there is the same in every shell-fish.

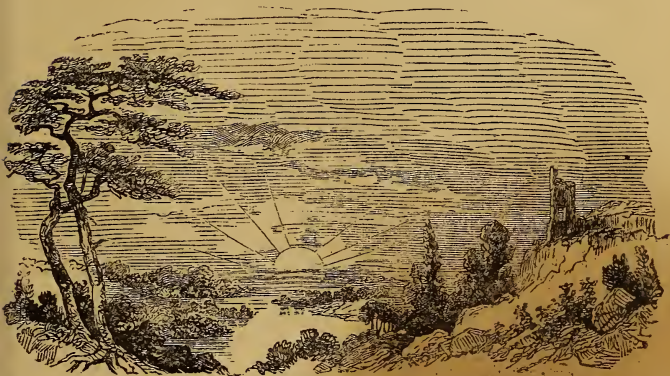
F. No doubt there is; but our acquaintance with God's creation is very limited, and our ignorance is much greater

than our knowledge. We may judge, however, by what we know, of what we do not know: every day is adding some new and extraordinary proof of God's wisdom and love, giving us fresh cause for praise and wonder, and declaring "His goodness beyond thought, and power divine."

*Rev. Robert Walsh, LL. D.*

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HYMN TO THE SETTING SUN.



Slow, slow, mighty wanderer, sink to thy rest,

Thy course of beneficence done;

As glorious go down to the ocean's warm breast,

As when thy bright race was begun;

For all thou hast done,

Since thy rising, O sun!

May thou and thy Maker be blest.

Thou hast scattered the night from thy broad golden way,

Thou hast given us thy light through a long happy day,

Thou hast roused up the birds, thou hast wakened the flowers,  
To chant on thy path, and to perfume the hours.

Then slow, mighty wanderer, sink to thy rest.

And rise again, beautiful, blessing, and blest.

Slow, slow, mighty wanderer, sink to thy rest,

Yet pause but a moment to shed

One warm look of love on the earth's dewy breast,

Ere the starr'd curtain fall round thy bed,

And to promise the time,  
 Where, awaking sublime,  
 Thou shalt rush all refresh'd from thy rest.  
 Warm hopes drop like dews from thy life-giving hand,  
 Teaching hearts closed in darkness like flowers to expand.  
 Dreams wake into joys when first touched by thy light,  
 As glow the dim waves of the sea at thy sight,  
 Then slow, mighty wanderer, sink to thy rest,  
 And rise again, beautiful, blessing and blest.

Slow, slow, mighty wanderer, sink to thy rest,  
 Prolonging the sweet evening hour ;  
 Then robe again soon in the morn's golden ves  
 To go forth in thy beauty and power.  
 Yet pause on thy way.  
 To the full height of day,  
 For thy rising and setting are blest.  
 When thou com'st after darkness to gladden our eyes  
 Or departest in glory, in glory to rise,  
 May hope and may prayer still be woke by thy rays,  
 And thy going be marked with thanksgiving and praise.  
 Then slow, mighty wanderer, sink to thy rest,  
 And rise again, beautiful, blessing and blest.

*G. P. R. James.*

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THOMAS CLARKSON.

Previously to the year 1785, scarcely any one had publicly questioned the propriety of keeping slaves in the West Indies, or of annually adding thousands to their number by importations of negroes from Africa. In that year the master of Magdalen College, Cambridge, gave out amongst the students, as a subject for one of the university prizes, the question, "Is it right to make slaves of others against their will?" Thomas Clarkson, one of the students, took pains to acquire information on the subject, and his essay gained the prize. The day after reading it in public, he set out on horseback for London. His essay occupied all his thoughts. As he journeyed on, he became at times seriously affected. At length, stopping his horse, he sat down by the wayside. He tried to persuade himself that the contents of the essay were not true, but the authorities were such as to make this seem impossible. Allowing, then, that such cruelties were perpetrated by Britons upon the poor Africans, he could not help feeling that it was an

imperative duty in some one to undertake the task of awaking public feeling to a just sense of the case. He reached London in a state of great agitation. Soon afterwards, he published his essay, which attracted much attention. Still he saw that something else was necessary. The publication of an essay was not sufficient of itself to put an end to the slave trade. He became convinced that it was necessary that some one should entirely devote himself to the subject. The question then was, was he himself called upon to do it? His own peace of mind required that he should give a final answer to the question. To do this he retired frequently into solitude. The result was, that, after the most mature deliberation, he resolved to devote his whole life, should it be necessary, to the cause.

Mr. Clarkson originated a society for the abolition of the slave-trade, and many influential men became members of it. By holding meetings, and by publishing descriptions of slavery, and arguments against it, this society soon roused the indignation of a large portion of the public against the trade. Mr. Clarkson, as secretary, was the person on



whom most of the trouble fell. For six years he laboured so hard at his duties, that at length his constitution seemed about to give way; his hearing, voice, and memory, were nearly gone; and he was obliged, for the sake of life, to relax in his exertions. Eight years after, finding his health restored, he returned to his generous labours. In the course of these, he suffered great reproach from all who had an interest in slavery, and his life was on more than one occasion exposed

to danger. He nevertheless persevered, till, in 1807, an act of parliament was passed for abolishing the slave trade—an event, to have foretold which twenty years before, would have caused any one to be set down as a visionary.

The example of Britain was followed in a few years by most other European governments; and in 1834, slavery itself was extinguished in the British dominions, at the expense of twenty millions of pounds sterling. All of these great results, by which so much human misery is spared, may be traced to the benevolence of one man, who, through mere love of his fellow-creatures, and a strong sense of justice, devoted himself to a task from which all ordinary minds would have shrunk. After being for many years president of the Anti-Slavery Society, he died on the 26th of September, 1846, at Playford Hall, Suffolk, in his eighty-seventh year.

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#### THE TWO TRAVELLERS.

Two friends made a resolution never to leave each other. In pursuance of this, for a long time, they always travelled together. But one day, as they were journeying in search of their common interest, they came to a deep river at the foot of a hill; and the place was so delightful, that they resolved to rest themselves by the stream. After they were well refreshed, they began to look about them, and please their eyes with what they could discover most curious in so pleasant a place; and at length cast their eyes upon a white stone, that contained the following words written in blue letters:

“Traveller, we have prepared an excellent banquet for your welcome; but you must be bold and deserve it before you can obtain it: what you are to do is this: throw yourself boldly into this river, and swim to the other side: you shall there meet with a lion carved in white stone; this you must take upon your shoulder, and, without stopping, run with it to the top of yonder mountain, without fear of the wild beasts that may surround you, or the thorns that prick your feet; for be assured nothing will hurt you: and as soon as you have got to the top of the hill, you will immediately find yourself in possession of great felicity: but if you cease going forward, you shall never arrive at the happiness; nor shall the slothful ever attain what is here prepared for the industrious.”

Then Ganem, (for that was the name of one of the two companions,) says to Salem, (for so was the other called,) “Brother, here is a means prescribed us, that will put an end to all our pains and travel; let us take courage, and try

whether what this stone contains be true or false.”—“Dear brother,” replied Salem, “it is not for a man of sense to give credit to such an idle writing as this appears to me to be: and in a vain expectation of I know not what uncertain gain, to throw himself into evident danger.”—“Friend,” replied Ganem, “they who have courage contemn danger, to make themselves happy; there is no gathering the rose, without being pricked by the thorns.”—“Be that as it will,” answered Salem, “it is but a romantic valour that prompts us to attempt enterprises, the end of which we know not, even though we should succeed: and if we are in our senses, we must see that it is not our business, for the sake of a dark promise, to throw ourselves into this water, that seems to be a kind of an abyss, from whence it may not be so easy to get out again. A rational man, brother, never moves one of his feet till the other be fixed. Perhaps this writing may be a mere whimsy, the idle diversion of some wandering beggar; or, even if it should be real, perhaps, when you have crossed this river, this lion of



stone may prove so heavy, that you may not be able to do as you are ordered, and run with it, without stopping, to the top of the mountain. But supposing even that all this were easy for you to perform, yet, trust me, it is not worth while to attempt it; for, when you have done whatever is required to be done, you know not what will be the issue of your trouble. For my part I will not be your sharer in dangers of this kind, but shall use all my rhetoric to endeavour to dissuade you from such idle and chimerical undertakings.”—“No persuasions,” replied Ganem, “shall make me alter my resolution; and therefore, if you will not follow me, dear friend, at least be pleased to see me venture.” Salem, seeing him so resolute,

cried out, "Dearest brother, if you are weak enough, in your reason, to determine on this rash, and to me distracted, undertaking, give me a last embrace, and farewell for ever ; you have refused my admonitions, and I have not the power to stay and be a witness of your ruin." On this they took a parting embrace ; and Salem, taking leave of his, as he supposed, unhappy brother, set forward upon his journey.

Ganem went to the brink of the river, resolving to perish, or win the prize. Strengthened by his courage, he threw himself in, and swam to the other side, where he rested himself a while ; and then lifting up the lion, which he saw before him, ran with it, without stopping, to the top of the mountain, from which he beheld before him the prospect of a fair and



glorious city, which, while he was attentively viewing, there issued from the lion of stone such a terrible thundering noise, that the mountain, and all the places around it, trembled. This noise no sooner reached the ears of the inhabitants of the city, but they came running up to Ganem, who was not a little astonished to see them ; and, presently, some that seemed to be superior to the rest in quality and degree, accosted him with great respect and ceremony, set him upon a horse sumptuously caparisoned, and conducted him to the city, where they made him put on the royal robes, and proclaimed him king. When this ceremony was over, and the inhabitants seemed well pleased with their king, the new monarch desired to know the reason of his advancement : to which they answered "that the learned men of the kingdom had, out of regard for the future happiness of the country, by virtue of a talisman, so charmed the river which he had crossed, and the

lion of stone which he carried to the top of the mountain, that whenever their king died, any one who was so adventurous as to expose himself to these hazards, and brought the lion safe to the top of the mountain, had this reward for his courage; that the lion roared out so prodigiously, that the inhabitants hearing the noise, went forth in search of the person who had arrived with it, to make him their king. This custom," pursued they, "has been of long continuance, and was intended to ensure us for our king a man of courage and resolution; and since the lot has fallen upon your majesty, know that your sovereignty is absolute among us."

*Pilpay.*

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## EDWIN AND ANGELINA.

"Turn, gentle hermit of the dale,  
And guide my lonely way,  
To where yon taper cheers the vale  
With hospitable ray.

"For here forlorn and lost I tread,  
With fainting steps and slow,  
Where wilds immeasurably spread,  
Seem length'ning as I go."

"Forbear, my son," the hermit cries,  
"To tempt the dangerous gloom;  
For yonder faithless phantom flies  
To lure thee to thy doom.

"Here to the houseless child of want  
My door is open still;  
And though my portion is but scant,  
I give it with good will.

"Then turn to-night, and freely share  
What'er my cell bestows;  
My rushy couch and frugal fare,  
My blessing and repose.

"No flocks that range the valley free  
To slaughter I condemn;  
Taught by that power that pities me,  
I learn to pity them:

“ But from the mountain’s grassy side  
A guiltless feast I bring :  
A scrip with herbs and fruits supplied,  
And water from the spring.

“ Then, pilgrim, turn ; thy cares forego ;  
All earth-born cares are wrong :  
Man wants but little here below,  
Nor wants that little long.”

Soft as the dew from Heaven descends,  
His gentle accents fell :  
The modest stranger lowly bends,  
And follows to the cell.

Far in a wilderness obscure  
The lonely mansion lay—  
A refuge to the neighb’ring poor  
And strangers led astray.



No stores beneath its humble thatch  
Required a master’s care ;  
The wicket, opening with a latch,  
Received the harmless pair.

And now when busy crowds retire  
To take their evening rest,  
The hermit trimmed his little fire,  
And cheered his pensive guest :

And spread his vegetable store,  
 And gaily pressed and smiled ;  
 And, skilled in legendary lore,  
 The ling'ring hours beguiled.

Around in sympathetic mirth,  
 Its tricks the kitten tries,  
 The cricket chirrups on the hearth,  
 The crackling faggot flies.

But nothing could a charm impart  
 To soothe the stranger's woe :  
 For grief was heavy at his heart,  
 And tears began to flow.



His rising cares the hermit spied,  
 With answering care oppress :  
 And " Whence, unhappy youth," he cried,  
 " The sorrows of thy breast ?

" From better habitations spurn'd,  
 Reluctant dost thou rove ?  
 Or grief for friendship unreturn'd,  
 Or unregarded love ?

" Alas ! the joys that fortune brings,  
 Are trifling and decay ;  
 And those who prize the paltry things  
 More trifling still than they.

And what is friendship but a name—  
 A charm that lulls to sleep—  
 A shade that follows wealth or fame  
 But leaves the wretch to weep.

"And love is still an emptier sound,  
The modern fair one's jest ;  
On earth unseen, or only found  
To warm the turtle's nest.

"For shame, fond youth, thy sorrows hush,  
And spurn the sex," he said ;  
But while he spoke, a rising blush  
His love-lorn guest betray'd,

Surprised he sees new beauties rise,  
Swift mantling to the view :  
Like colours o'er the morning skies,  
As bright, as transient too.

The bashful look, the rising breast,  
Alternate spread alarms,—  
The lovely stranger stands confest  
A maid in all her charms.

And, "Ah forgive a stranger rude—  
A wretch forlorn," she cried ;  
"Whose feet unhallow'd thus intrude  
Where Heaven and you reside.

"But let a maid thy pity share,  
Whom love has taught to stray ;  
Who seeks for rest, but finds despair  
Companion of her way.

"My father lived beyond the Tyne,  
A wealthy lord was he ;  
And all his wealth was mark'd as mine—  
He had but only me.

"To win me from his tender arms,  
Unnumbered suitors came,  
Who praised me for imputed charms,  
And felt or feigned a flame.

"Each hour a mercenary crowd  
With richest proffers strove ;  
Amongst the rest, young Edwin bow'd  
But never talk'd of love.

"In humble simplest habit clad,  
No wealth nor power had he ;  
Wisdom and worth were all he had,  
But these were all to me.

“ And when beside me in the dale,  
He carol'd lays of love,  
His breath lent fragrance to the gale,  
And music to the grove.

“ The blossom op'ning to the day,  
The dews of Heaven refined,  
Could nought of purity display  
To emulate his mind.

“ The dew, the blossom on the tree,  
With charms inconstant shine :  
Their charms were his, but woe to me,  
Their constancy was mine.

“ For still I tried each fickle art,  
Importunate and vain :  
And while his passion touched my heart,  
I triumph'd in his pain :

“ Till, quite dejected with my seorn,  
He left me to my pride,  
And sought a solitude forlorn,  
In secret, where he died.

“ But mine the sorrow, mine the fault,  
And well my life shall pay ;  
I'll seek the solitude he sought,  
And stretch me where he lay

“ And there, forlorn, despairing hid,  
I'll lay me down and die ;

’Twas so for me that Edwin did,  
And so for him will I.

“ Forbid it, Heaven ! ” the hermit cried,  
And clasp'd her to his breast :  
The wondering fair one turn'd to chide—  
’Twas Edwin's self that prest !

“ Turn Angelina, ever dear,  
My charmer, turn to see  
Thy own, thy long lost Edwin here,  
Restored to love and thee.

“ Thus let me hold thee to my heart,  
And every care resign :  
And shall we never, never part,  
My life—my all that's mine ?

“No, never from this hour to part,  
 We'll live and love so true—  
 The sigh that rends thy constant heart  
 Shall break thy Edwin's too.”




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THE GOOD SON.

“I must not forget a scene worth your hearing, that has passed to-day at a banker's in this street, who has lately set up in the city. It is not two months since he returned from Peru, laden with riches: his father is an honest cobbler, in a small village about twelve miles from hence, where he lived thoroughly contented with his condition and his wife, who is much about the same age with himself, that is, sixty.

“It is a long time since this banker left his parents to go to the Indies in quest of a better fortune than they could expect to leave him: so that within the compass of twenty rolling years they had not seen him. They frequently talked of him, and continually prayed that heaven would please not to forsake him; and the curate being their friend, they never failed to obtain the public prayers of the congregation for him. As for the banker, he had not forgotten them; but as soon as he was settled, he resolved to inform himself of their condition.

For this purpose, after having ordered his domestics not to expect him, he mounted on horseback, and went alone to the village.

"It was ten at night before he arrived, and the honest cobbler was a-bed with his wife, in a sound sleep, when their son knocked at the door: they then awoke, and asked who was there? 'Open the door,' said the banker, 'it is your son Francillo.'—'Make others believe that, if you can,' cried the old man; 'you thieving rogue, go about your business, for here is nothing for you; Francillo, if not dead, is now in the Indies.'—'He is no longer there, he has returned home from Peru,' replied the banker, 'and it is he that now speaks to you; open your door and receive him.'—'Jacobo, let us rise then,' said the woman, 'for I really believe it is Francillo; I think I know his voice.'



"They both rose immediately; the father lighted a candle, and the mother, after putting on her clothes with the utmost haste, opened the door. She earnestly looked on Francillo,

and could no longer doubt his being her son ; she flung her arms about his neck, and clasped him close to her. Jacobo, also touched with the same sentiments as his wife, did not fail to embrace his son in his turn ; and all three, transported with the sight of each other after so long an absence, could not satisfy themselves with expressing the utmost tenderness.

“After these pleasing transports, the banker unsaddled and unbridled his horse, and put him into the stable, where he found an old milch cow, the ancient nurse of the whole family. He then gave the old folks an account of his voyage, and of all the riches he had brought from Peru. The particulars were long, and would tire any disinterested auditors ; but a son that unbosomed himself in the relation of his adventures, could not tire the attention of a father or mother. They eagerly listened to him, and the very least circumstance that he related made in them a sensible impression either of grief or joy.

“As soon as he had ended the story of his fortunes, he told them that he came to offer them part of his wealth, and begged of his father not to work any longer.’ ‘No, my son,’ said Jacobo, ‘I love my trade and will not quit it.’—‘Why,’ enquired the banker, ‘is it not now high time for you to give it over, and take your ease ? I do not propose for you to come and live with me at Madrid ; I know very well that a city life would not please you. I would not disturb your quiet way of living ; but at least give over your hard labour, and pass your days as easily as you can.’

“The mother seconded her son, and Jacobo yielded. ‘Very well, Francillo,’ said he, ‘to please you, I will not work any more for the public, but will only mend my own shoes, and those of my good friend the curate of the parish.’ After this agreement, the banker, fatigued with his day’s journey, ate a couple of poached eggs, and lay down to sleep beside his father, with a pleasure which only the most dutiful and best natured children to their parents can imagine.

“Next morning, the banker, leaving them a purse of three hundred ducats returned to Madrid ; but yesterday he was very much surprised to see his father Jacobo unexpectedly arrive at his house ; ‘My dear father,’ said he, ‘what brought you hither ?’—‘Francillo,’ answered the honest man, ‘I have brought your purse ; take your money again, I desire to live by my trade ; I have been ready to die with uneasiness ever since I left off working.’—‘Well then, father,’ replied the banker, since you prefer it, return to your village, work at

your trade sufficiently to divert yourself, but no more; carry back the purse with you, and pray do not spare it.'—'Alas, what would you have me do with so much money?' replied



Jacobo. 'Comfort the poor with it,' returned Francillo, 'bestow it as your curate shall advise you.' The cobbler, satisfied with this answer, returned that same day to his village."

*Le Sage.*

#### A FATHER'S ADMONITION.

My father, a wise and grave man, gave me serious and excellent counsel against what he foresaw was my design. He called me one morning into his chamber, where he was confined by the gout, and expostulated very warmly with me upon this subject; he asked me what reasons more than a mere wandering inclination I had for leaving my father's house and my native country, where I might be well introduced, and had

a prospect of raising my fortune by application and industry, with a life of ease and pleasure. He told me it was men of desperate fortunes, on one hand, or of aspiring superior fortunes on the other, and who went abroad upon adventures, to rise by enterprise, and make themselves famous in undertakings of a nature out of the common road; that these things were all either too far above me, or too far below me; that mine was the middle state, or what might be called the upper station of low life, which he had found, by long experience, was the



best state in the world, the most suited to human happiness, not exposed to the miseries and hardships, the labour and sufferings of the mechanic part of mankind, and not embarrassed with the pride, luxury, ambition, and envy of the upper part of mankind. He told me I might judge of the happiness of this state by this one thing, viz. that this was the state of life which all other people envied; that kings have frequently lamented the miserable consequences of being born to great things, and wished they had been placed in the middle of the two extremes, between the mean and the great; that the wise man gave his testimony to this, as the just standard of true felicity, when he prayed to have neither poverty or riches.

He bade me observe it, and I should always find, that the calamities of life were shared among the upper and lower part of mankind; but that the middle station had the fewest disasters, and was not exposed to so many vicissitudes as the higher or lower part of mankind; nay, they were not subjected to so many distempers, and uneasiness, either of body or mind, as those were, who, by vicious living, luxury, and extravagances, on one hand, or by hard labour, want of necessaries, and mean or unsufficient diet, on the other hand, bring distempers upon themselves by the natural consequence of their way of living; that the middle station of life was calculated for all kind of virtues and all kind of enjoyments: that peace and plenty were the handmaids of a middle fortune; that temperance, moderation, quietness, health, society, all agreeable diversions, and all desirable pleasures, were the blessings attending the middle station of life; that this way men went silently and smoothly through the world, and comfortably out of it, not embarrassed with the labours of the hands or of the head, not sold to a life of slavery for daily bread, or harassed with perplexed circumstances, which rob the soul of peace, and the body of rest; nor enraged with the passion of envy, or the secret burning lust of ambition for great things; but, in easy circumstances, sliding gently through the world, and sensibly tasting the sweets of living, without the bitter; feeling that they are happy, and learning by every day's experience to know it more sensibly.

After this he pressed me earnestly, and in the most affectionate manner, not to play the young man, nor to precipitate myself into miseries which nature, and the station of life I was born in, seemed to have provided against; that I was under no necessity of seeking my bread; that he would do well for me; and endeavour to enter me fairly into the station of life which he had just been recommending to me; and that if I was not very easy and happy in the world, it must be my mere fate or fault that must hinder it; and that he should have nothing to answer for, having thus discharged his duty in warning me against measures which he knew would be to my hurt; in a word, that as he would do very kind things for me if I would stay and settle at home as he directed, so he would not have so much hand in my misfortunes, as to give me any encouragement to go away: and to close all, he told me I had my elder brother for an example, to whom he had used the same earnest persuasions to keep him from going into the Low Country wars, but could not prevail, his young

desires prompting him to run into the army, where he was killed; and though he said he would not cease to pray for me, yet he would venture to say to me, that if I did take this foolish step, God would not bless me, and I would have leisure hereafter to reflect upon having neglected his counsel, when there might be none to assist in my recovery.

I observed in this last part of his discourse, which was truly prophetic, though I suppose my father did not know it be so himself; I say, I observed the tears run down his face very plentifully, especially when he spoke of my brother who was killed: and that when he spoke of my having leisure to repent, and none to assist me, he was so moved, that he broke off the discourse, and told me, his heart was so full he could say no more to me.

I was sincerely affected with this discourse, as indeed who could be otherwise! and I resolved not to think of going abroad any more, but to settle at home, according to my father's desire.

*De Foe.*

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ADDRESS TO THE ALPHABET.



I wonder, O Alphabet, what could have been

The fate of this world as we mortals pass through,  
And what would have cheer'd and what sadden'd the scene,

Had not Cadmus, or somebody else, thought of you?  
As matters now stand, or in sorrow or joy,

Almost all that affects, those who read must agree,  
The news that delights, the commands that employ,

We gain at thy hands, potent, famed A B C.

A B C, mind, I take as the name of the firm,  
 You're entitled to claim, or to sue or be sued,  
 Initials that now form a popular term,  
 With Alphabet mostly synonymous viewed.  
 Had you not been fashion'd our planet to glad,  
 What different amusements, and studies, and ways,  
 Must needs have been sought, if we could not have had  
 Novels, histories, newspapers, poems, and plays.



They little foresaw, who first call'd for our use,  
 The part you would have to perform in late times,  
 The odd combinations that scribes would produce,  
 By their labours in prose, or their frolics in rhymes;  
 If the nonsense which you have on all countries hurled  
 Had never been written—of course never read—  
 Had so much of folly been spared to the world,  
 Or would it have burst forth in action instead?

The mischief you've done, as I cannot now write  
 Of folio volumes, a thousand or two,  
 I will not approach at this time of the night,  
 For the terrible task I should never get through;  
 But just in a general way I may hint,  
 Though Liberty's interests by you may prevail,  
 Your agency giving opinions to print,  
 Has doomed many hundreds to languish in jail.

How the savage must stare, in the world's ruder state  
 At the part played by you, when he suddenly found,  
 While conference joining, or eager debate,  
 'Twas yours to arrest, and to shape reduce sound.

To be carried o'er oceans! It scarcely could seem,  
 Had thunder acknowledg'd a mortal command,  
 More strange,—or had lightning submitted its gleam  
 To be carried away in the pocket or hand,

How mighty the change, could you now be withdrawn:  
 Full many a ranting M. P. would not spout,  
 If no journal could issue, the following dawn,  
 To tell all the world what he spouted about.  
 Poets, printers, and critics, and playwrights must go  
 With library keepers, and booksellers gay,  
 While patriot and loyal petitioners low  
 Would be laid, in a moment, if you were away.

Were this beneficial?—Hang me, if I know!  
 Much wisdom you furnish; but, twixt you and me,  
 You give too of folly so boundless a flow,  
 That, seeking the former, we're wholly at sea.  
 And falsehood so soberly imitates truth,  
 As nonsense will, frequently, clearness of head.  
 That, seeking for knowledge, too credulous youth  
 Becomes worse than ignorant, being misled.

What your true value, then, I am puzzled to tell;  
 Or whether most good or most harm you have done;  
 And, being uncertain, perhaps 'tis as well  
 To finish my musings just where they begun.  
 But dear A B C, think not hostile my lay;  
 In spite of misgivings, attach'd to you still,  
 A sword of defence I would not throw away,  
 Because an assassin may use it to kill.

*Gaspey.*



## TELEMACHUS IN ELYSIUM.

“I perceive, my son,” said the shade, “that thou dost not recollect me ; but I am not offended. I am Arcesius, the father of Laertes : and my days upon earth were accomplished a little before Ulysses, my grandson, went from Ithaca to the siege of Troy : thou wast yet an infant, in the arms of thy nurse ; but I had then conceived hopes of thee, which are now justified ; since thou hast descended into the dominions of Pluto, in search of thy father, and the gods have sustained thee in the attempt. The gods, O fortunate youth ! regard thee with peculiar love, and will distinguish thee by glory equal to that of Ulysses. I am happy once more to behold thee ; but search for Ulysses no more among the dead : he still lives ; and is reserved to render my line illustrious, by new honours at Ithaca. Laertes himself, though the hand of time is now heavy upon him, still draws the breath of life, and expects that his son shall return to close his eyes. Thus transitory is man, like the flower that blows in the morning, and in the evening is withered, and trodden under foot : one generation passes away after another, like the waves of a rapid river ; and time, rushing on with silent but irresistible speed, carries with him all that can best pretend to permanence and stability. Even thou, O my son ! alas ! even thou, who art now happy in the vigour, the vicacity, and the bloom of youth, shalt find this lovely season, so fruitful of delight, a transient flower, that fades, as soon as it is blown : without having been conscious that thou wert changing, thou wilt perceive thyself changed ; the train of graces and pleasures that now sport around thee, health, vigour, and joy, shall vanish like the phantoms of a dream, and leave thee nothing but a mournful remembrance, that they once were thine. Old age shall insensibly steal upon thee ; that enemy to joy shall diffuse through thee his own langours ; shall contract thy brow into wrinkles, incline thy body to the earth, enfeeble every limb, and dry up for ever that fountain of delight which now springs in thy breast : thou shalt look round upon all that is present with disgust ; anticipate all that is future with dread ; and retain thy sensibility only for pain and anguish. This time appears to thee to be far distant : but, alas ! thou art deceived ; it approaches with irresistible rapidity, and is, therefore, at hand ; that which draws near so fast can never be remote ; and the present, for ever flying, is remote already ; even while we speak, it is past, and it returns no more. Let

the present, therefore, be light in thy estimation; tread the path of virtue, however rugged, with perseverance, and fix thine eye upon futurity: let purity of manners, and a love of justice, secure thee a place in this happy residence of peace. Thou shalt soon see thy father resume his authority in Ithaca: and it is decreed, that thou shalt succeed him on the throne. . . .”

While Telemachus listened to this discourse, it sunk deep into his heart; it was engraven upon that living tablet, as a sculptor engraves upon brass the characters which he would transmit to the latest generation. It is an emanation of truth and wisdom, that, like a subtile flame, pervaded the most secret recesses of his soul: it at once moved and warmed him; and he felt his heart, as it were, dissolved by a divine energy, not to be expressed; by something that exhausted the fountain of life: his emotion was a kind of desire, that could not be satisfied; an impulse, that he could neither support nor resist; a sensation exquisitely pleasing; and yet mixed with such pain, as it was impossible long to endure and live. After some time its violence abated, he breathed with more freedom, and he discovered in the countenance of Arcesius a strong likeness to Laertes: he had also a confused remembrance of something similar to the features of Ulysses, when he set out for the siege of Troy. This remembrance melted him into tears of tenderness and joy; he wished to embrace a person whom he now regarded with reverence and affection; and attempted it many times in vain: the shade, light and unsubstantial, eluded his grasp, as the flattering images of a dream deceive those who expect to enjoy them: the thirsty lip is sometimes in pursuit of water, that recedes before it; sometimes the imagination forms words which the tongue refuses to utter: and sometimes the hand is eagerly stretched out, but can grasp nothing: so the tender wish of Telemachus could not be gratified; he beheld Arcesius, he heard him speak, and he spoke to him; but to touch him was impossible. At length he inquired who the persons were that he saw around him.

“You see,” said the hoary sage, “those who were the ornament of their age, and the glory and happiness of mankind; the few kings who had been worthy of dominion, and filled the character of deities upon earth. Those whom you see not far distant, but separated from them by that small cloud, are allotted to much inferior glory; they were heroes, indeed, but the reward of courage and prowess is much less than that of wisdom, integrity, and benevolence. . . .”

Such was the admonition of Arcesius ; and he immediately conducted Telemachus to the ivory gate that leads from the



gloomy dominions of Pluto. Telemachus parted from him with tears in his eyes ; but it was not possible to embrace him ; and leaving behind him the shades of everlasting night, he made haste back to the camp of the allies ; having joined the two young Cretans in his way, who had accompanied him to the mouth of the cavern, and despaired of his return.

*Fenelon.*

## ON READING AND BOOKS.

To have the mind vigorous, you must refresh it, and strengthen it, by a continued contact with the mighty dead who have gone away, but left their imperishable thoughts behind them. We want to have the mind continually expanding, and creating new thoughts, or at least feeding itself upon manly thoughts. The food is to the blood, which circulates through your veins, what reading is to the mind; and the mind that does not *love* to read, may despair of ever doing much in the world of mind which it would affect. You can no more be the "full man" whom Bacon describes, without reading, than you can be vigorous and healthy without any new nourishment. It would be no more reasonable to suppose it, in the expressive and beautiful language of Porter, "than to suppose that the Mississippi might roll on its flood of waters to the ocean, though all its tributary streams were cut off, and it were replenished only by the occasional drops from the clouds." Some will read works of the imagination, or what is called the light literature of the day, while that which embraces solid thought is irksome. The Bishop of Winchester (Hoadley) said that he could never look into Butler's *Analogy* without having his head ache—a book which Queen Caroline told Mr. Sale, she read every day at breakfast. Young people are apt—and to this students are continually tempted—to read only for amusement. Pope says, that, from fourteen to twenty, he read for amusement alone; from twenty to twenty-seven, for improvement and instruction; that in the former period, he wanted only to *know*, and in the second, endeavoured to *judge*.

The object of reading may be divided into several branches. The student reads for relaxation from more severe studies; he is thus refreshed, and his spirits are revived. He reads for facts in the history and experience of his species, as they lived and acted under different circumstances. From these facts he draws conclusions; his views are enlarged, his judgment corrected, and the experience of former ages, and of all times, becomes his own. He reads, chiefly, probably, for information; to store up knowledge for future use; and he wishes to classify and arrange it, that it may be ready at his call. He reads for the sake of style,—to learn how a strong, nervous, or beautiful writer expresses himself. The spirit of a writer, to whom the world has bowed in homage, and the dress in which the spirit stands arrayed, is the object at which he must anxiously look.

It is obvious, then, that, in attaining any of these ends, except, perhaps, that of amusement, *reading should be performed very slowly and deliberately*. You will usually, and, indeed, almost invariably, find that those who read a great multitude of books, have but little knowledge that is of any value. A large library has justly been denominated a learned luxury—not elegance—much less utility. One who has a deep insight into the nature of man, says that he never felt afraid to meet a man who had a large library. It is the man who has but few books, and who thinks much, whose mind is the best furnished for intellectual operations. It will not be pretended, however, that there are not many exceptions to this remark. But, with a student, in the morning of life, there are no exceptions. If he would improve by his reading, it must be very deliberate. Can a stomach receive any amount or kind of food, hastily thrown into it, and reduce it, and from it extract nourishment for the body? Not for any length of time. Neither can the mind any easier digest that which is rapidly brought before it.

It is by no means certain that the ancients had not a great compensation for the fewness of their books, in the thoroughness with which they were compelled to study them. A book must all be copied with the pen, to be owned; and he who transcribed a book for the sake of owning it, would be likely



to understand it. Before the art of printing, books were so scarce, that ambassadors were sent from France to Rome, to beg a copy of Cicero de Oratore, and Quintilian's Institutes, &c., because a copy of these works were not to be found in all France. Albert, abbot of Gemblours, with incredible labour and expenes, collected a library of one hundred and fifty volumes, including everything; and this was considered a

wonder indeed. In 1494, the library of the Bishop of Winchester contained parts of seventeen books on various subjects ; and, on his borrowing a Bible from the convent of St. Swithin, he had to give a heavy bond, drawn up with great solemnity, that he would return it uninjured. If any one gave a book to a convent or a monastery, it conferred everlasting salvation upon him, and he offered it upon the altar of God. The convent of Rochester every year pronounced an irrevocable damnation on him who should dare steal or conceal a Latin translation of Aristotle, or even obliterate a title. When a book was purchased, it was an affair of such consequence, that persons of distinction were called together as witnesses. Previous to the year 1300, the library of Oxford consisted only of a few tracts, which were carefully locked up in a small chest, or else chained, lest they should escape ; and at the commencement of the fourteenth century, the royal library of France contained only four classics, with a few devotional works. So great was the privilege of owning a book, that one of their books on natural history contained a picture, representing the Deity as resting on the Sabbath with a book in his hand, in the act of reading ! it was probably no better in earlier times. Knowledge was scattered to the four winds, and truth was hidden in a well. Lycurgus and Pythagoras were obliged to travel into Egypt, Persia, and India, in order to understand the doctrine of the metempsychosis. Solon and Plato had to go to Egypt for what they knew. Herodotus and Strabo were obliged to travel to collect their history, and to construct their geography as they travelled. Few men pretended to own a library, and he was accounted truly favoured who owned half a dozen volumes. And yet, with all this scarcity of books there were in those days scholars who greatly surpassed us. We cannot write poetry like Homer, nor history like Thucydides. We have not the pen which Aristotle and Plato had, nor the eloquence with which Demosthenes thrilled. They surpassed us in painting and in sculpture. Their books were but few. But those were read, as Horace says, *ten* times. Their own resources were tasked to the utmost, and he who could not draw from his own fountain, in vain sought for neighbours, from whose wells he could not borrow.

*Todd.*

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Youth should enterprise nothing without the advice of age, for though it is fittest for action, yet age is best for counsel.

## THE CHINESE.—THE TEA PLANT.

This plant, which is the staple article of Chinese commerce, is grown only in a particular district, called by the natives "the tea country," lying between the 30th and 33rd degrees of north latitude. The more northern part of China would be too cold, and further south the heat would be too great. There are, however, a few small plantations in the neighbourhood of Canton. The Chinese give to the plant the name of *tcha* or *tha*. It is propagated by them from seeds which are deposited in rows four or five feet asunder; and so uncertain is their vegetation, even in their native climate, that it is found necessary to sow as many as seven or eight seeds in every hole. The ground between each row is always kept free from weeds, and the plants are not allowed to attain a higher growth than admits of the leaves being conveniently gathered. The first crop of leaves is not gathered until the third year after sowing; and when the trees become six or seven years old, the produce becomes so inferior that they are removed to make

room for a fresh succession. The flowers are white, and somewhat resemble the wild white rose of our hedges, these flowers are succeeded by soft green berries or pods containing each from one to three white seeds. The plant will grow in either low or elevated situations, but always thrives best, and furnishes leaves of the finest quality, when produced in light stony ground. The leaves are gathered from one to four times during the



year, according to the age of the trees. Most commonly there are three periods of gathering: the first commences about the middle of April, the second at Midsummer, and the last is accomplished during August and September. The leaves that are earliest gathered are of the most delicate colour, and most aromatic flavour, with the least portion of either fibre or

bitterness. Leaves of the second gathering are of a dull green colour, and have less valuable qualities than the former; while those which are last collected are of a dark green, and possess an inferior value. The quality is further influenced by the age of the wood on which the leaves are borne, and by the degree of exposure to which they have been accustomed; leaves from young wood, and those most exposed, being always the best. The leaves, as soon as gathered, are put into wide shallow baskets, and exposed to the air or wind, or sunshine, during some hours. They are then placed on a flat cast-iron pan, over a stove heated with charcoal, from a half to three quarters of a pound being operated on at one time. These leaves are stirred quickly about with a kind of brush, and are then as quickly swept off the pan into baskets. The next process is that of rolling, which is effected by carefully rubbing them between men's hands; after which they are again put, in larger quantities, in the pan, and subjected anew to heat, but at this time to a lower degree than at first, and just sufficient to dry them effectually without the risk of scorching. This effected, the tea is placed on a table and carefully picked over, every unsightly or imperfectly dried leaf that is detected being removed from the rest, in order that the sample may present a more even and slightly appearance when offered for sale. The names by which some of the principal sorts of tea are known in China, are taken from the places in which they are produced, while others are distinguished according to the periods of their gathering, the manner employed in curing, or other extrinsic circumstances. It is a commonly received opinion that the distinctive colour of green tea is imparted to it by sheets of copper, upon which it is dried. For this belief there is not however the smallest foundation in fact, since copper is never used for the purpose. Repeated experiments have been made to discover, by an unerring test, whether the leaves of green tea contain any impregnation of copper, but in no case has any trace of this metal been detected. The Chinese do not use their tea till it is about a year old, considering that it is too actively narcotic when new.

## OPIUM.

The practice of inhaling the fumes of this noxious drug, has of late years infected all classes and denominations of the people in China; and the baneful results of this inveterate habit among a whole people, it is almost impossible for a foreigner to conceive. Mr. Davis, has given us a description

of its effects upon the human frame, which he gathered from a state paper in the native language, "I have learned," he says, "that those who smoke opium and eventually become its victims, have a periodical longing for it; which can only be



assuaged by the application of the drug at the regular time. If they cannot have it when that daily period arrives, their limbs become debilitated; a discharge of rheum takes place from the eyes and nose, and they are altogether unequal to any exertion; but with a few whiffs their spirits and strength are immediately restored in a surprising manner.

Thus, opium becomes to opium smokers their very life; and when they are seized and brought before magistrates, they will sooner suffer a severe chastisement than inform against those who sell it "

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MATERNAL LOVE.

Is there a virtue that can thrill,  
 Rich in primeval beauty still—  
 Still wearing Heaven's most glorious hue—  
 To nature and to feeling true:  
 Possessing attributes so high,  
 It might claim homage in the sky;  
 The world, and all its wealth above?  
 O yes—there is—MATERNAL LOVE!  
 See on yon lap unconscious lie  
 The outline of humanity;  
 Its moan is harsh, and strange its stare,  
 Nor speech nor smile, nor thought is there:  
 Of interest void to all beside,  
 That object is the mother's pride:  
 Mark the fond overshadowing dove,  
 And marvel at MATERNAL LOVE!

But see, when fleeting months bestow  
 On infancy its ruddy glow,  
 And starry glisteners gaily dance,  
 To thrill the parent with their glance;  
 While coral lips more soft than silk,  
 Are white from the sustaining milk,  
 Then hear the joyous song, and prove  
 The triumph of MATERNAL LOVE!



Changed is the scene, the laughing sprite,  
 No more the mirthful hour's delight;  
 She sees in the gay cherub's place,  
 A ghastly—pale—distorted face:  
 Though anxious Pity, hovering by,  
 Is oft repelled with peevish cry,  
 No loathsome sight, no sound can move  
 Invincible MATERNAL LOVE.



And hope extinct—life's last spark fled—  
 Still bending o'er the treasured dead,  
 The mother makes, in calm despair,  
 The poor remains her sacred care;

While flowers fall on her blighted bud,  
 Her eye's shed o'er them sorrow's flood ;  
 And prayers, which angels must approve,  
 Ascend from thee—MATERNAL LOVE !

Hail God's own essence ! Seen below,  
 Splendid as his bright covenant bow ;  
 Not more sublime burst on the eye  
 The prophet's chariot from the sky ;  
 Like that, thy all-celestial flame,  
 Soars to the Heaven from which it came ;  
 Fit inmate of the realms above,  
 Thrice hallowed name !—MATERNAL LOVE.

—  
*Gaspey.*

## SCULPTURE.

The cast being transferred to the carver, he selects a proper block of marble, places it according to the rules of his craft, takes certain bearings, as sailors do at sea, and by hewing off the superfluous marble, produces an outline of the human figure. This part of the work may be executed by a common stone-mason. With instruments to aid, and certain rules to guide him, he measures distances, takes proportions, inserts points, gauges, sounds, and punctures a great number of small holes ; and by numbering and otherwise, makes as many dots and marks as engravers do in etching anatomical figures, or designers in drawing patterns for damask weavers. The instruments alluded to need not be described, since they would not be understood without diagrams. Suffice it, therefore, to say, that the model is placed near to the block of marble—that the mason's soundings are taken from it, and that when this task is finished, he is succeeded by a person who is familiar with the finer parts of statuary. The model is of course placed before him, and by relying mainly on the accuracy of his eye, as a painter does when sketching from nature, he gradually animates the inert mass, making, if I may slide into the language of metaphor, vitality wait on every trace of his chisel, or any other instrument he may chance to employ. The artist himself comes last of all, and communicates those masterly touches, which constitute the very essence of the witchery of art.

The modern Italian carvers subdivide their work more than is done in Britain. One man is good at the head, a second at a hand, a third at a limb, and so on ; and by this species of

co-operation, they proceed in some respects on the principle which obtains in a pin manufactory. The ancients, however,



sedulously eschewed everything which tended to render their favourite art mechanical, and it is recorded of the great Michael Angelo, that he not only finished but blocked out his statues with his own hand. But here I must be understood as speaking comparatively. The whole of his statues exhibited on the continent invariably retain the mark of the *Gradino*, and, as contrasted with the present style of finishing, can only be said to be in a progressive state. But this defect, which arose from the Herculean labours he undertook, and might easily be remedied by filing, pumice stone, &c., (all arts of modern introduction,) or anything calculated to produce a silky smoothness of surface, militates but little against the grandeur

of his designs, and the elegance of his grouping. And it is here that a statuary's *forte* resides. The modelling department can neither be subdivided nor executed by a deputy, excepting in such cases as are recorded in the legends of Roslin Chapel, where the apprentice happened to be a much greater genius than his master. One accomplished and industrious modeller will give employment to several carvers: yet his is the more painful task of the two. A talent for designing may exist apart from a talent for modelling; and the first, perhaps, may be called the poetry, and the second the prose of painting or sculpture. But the greatest statuaries excel in both,

*M<sup>c</sup>Diarmid.*

#### REQUISITES TO FORM A MAN OF BUSINESS.

There cannot be more important requisites to successful trade, than order and method. Regularity diminishes the labour, and proportionably increases the profit of business. It brings the most multifarious employments readily and easily within the compass of our time, and that without any burden to the mind. It reduces to a narrow and practical compass, avocations of the most extended nature, and enables us at all times to have a perfect and an immediate knowledge of our affairs.

The method which is desirable, is a quiet, steady, orderly system, fixed in its arrangements, and firm in its conduct. Bustle is rarely consistent with actual business. The bustling man has generally a confused mind. He may stir much, but he can finish very little, and that little badly.

Never defer till to-morrow what can be done to-day. You will thus have your business at all times in advance, and many events might happen to make you regret a postponement.

Place no confidence in your memory, however retentive you may consider it. A written memorandum is much to be preferred, and can give no trouble: it is a security, and keeps the mind easy. Indeed the most secure method is immediately to effect what you intend, as you cannot then suffer from negligence or forgetfulness.

I am no advocate for that over-earnest and exclusive attention, which identifies a man with the commodities of his trade, and renders him unfit for any other scene, than that of traffic. No pecuniary returns, however they may enrich the purse, can be really profitable, if they impoverish the man.

Be not seduced by idleness of mind, or bad example, to

relinquish the manners of a gentleman, and assume those of a menial. No circumstance can require, and none can justify this.

On the other hand, I deem it indispensable, that in the actual exercise of business you should assume any change of person which may be necessary for the perfect knowledge and superintendence of it; and I would have you at all times personally to assist and direct in every branch. You cannot have any rational hope of success without so doing; and he who disdains it, does not deserve to succeed.

In fine, let your conversation in company be general, and your pleasurable pursuits such as will enable you to take a part in discourse on all topics. The last subject on which you should be eager to speak, is your own peculiar occupation, yet, when introduced by another, do not fastidiously decline it; but be careful, even then, not to press the subject farther than the occasion may require.

*Hussey.*

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#### THE KIND JAILER.

When I found myself alone in this horrible cavern, and heard the bolts drawn—when, by the feeble light which fell from a narrow window above, I perceived the heap of straw which was given for a bed, and an enormous chain fixed to the



wall—I seated myself with shuddering despair, and, taking up the chain, I measured its length, thinking it destined for me,

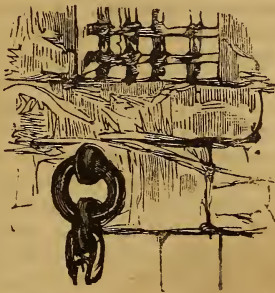
Half an hour afterwards, I heard the keys rattle, and the door opened; the head jailer brought me a pitcher of water.

"This is to drink," said he, with a gruff voice, "and to-morrow morning I will bring you some bread."

"Thank you, my good man."

"I am not good," replied he.

"So much the worse for you," said I, indignantly; "and this chain," added I, "is it for me?"



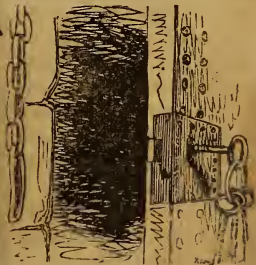
"Yes, sir, if you are not quiet, if you become outrageous or impertinent; but you have only to be reasonable, and we will put simply a chain on the legs. A workman is engaged in getting it ready."

He walked slowly up and down, shaking his villainous bunch of keys with a terrible clatter. I looked at him with

an angry eye, wondering at his huge bony person, and, notwithstanding the rather uncommon features of his face, feeling assured that they bore the most odious expression of brutal severity.

Oh! how unjust are men to judge from appearances, and from their own prejudices! This man, who, in my imagination, took pleasure in making his keys rattle to impress

me with the sad conviction of his power, who, according to me, had lost all feeling by the long exercise of cruelty, was animated with compassionate thoughts, and assumed a morose mode of speech to conceal his real sentiments. He wished to hide them from me for fear of appearing weak, and lest I



should feel indignant at his pity; but at the same time, supposing that I was more unfortunate than wicked, he had desired to speak with me.

Annoyed at his presence, and still more at his airs of a master, I took the opportunity of humbling him, by saying to him imperiously, as to a servant, "Reach me the water."

He gave me a look which seemed to say, The habit of ordering must be laid aside here, Master Arrogance!

But he was silent, and, bending his long body, he took up the pitcher and presented it to me. I perceived that as he reached it, he trembled; and, attributing it to old age, my pride was abated by a feeling of pity, mingled with respect.

"How old are you?" said I to him, in a tone of sympathy.

"Seventy-four, sir; and I have witnessed many misfortunes of my own and of others."

This expression concerning his own misfortunes and those of others, was accompanied by a fresh trembling, as he took from me the pitcher of water; and I thought that this trembling was not solely caused by old age, but was the effect of a generous emotion. This idea swept from my mind all trace of the hatred with which his first appearance had impressed me.

"What is your name?" said I.

"Fortune has mocked me with the name of a great man," he replied. "My name is Schiller."

Thence he went on to relate to me, in a few words, his birth and parentage, the wars in which he had been engaged, and the wounds he had received in them.

He was born a Swiss peasant, had carried arms against the Turks under General Laudon, in the era of Maria Theresa and Joseph II., and had since taken part in all the wars of the house of Austria against France, up to the fall of Napoleon.

When we conceive a better opinion of a man whose countenance, air, or manners, had at first conveyed a contrary impression, we begin to discover infallible symptoms of his goodness. Is this discovery a reality? I suspect it a mere illusion. For the same features, voice, and manners, had a little before appeared symptoms just as infallible of brutality. No sooner do we alter our judgment of the moral qualities, than we change our conclusions as physiognomists. How many countenances do we venerate because we know they belong to virtuous men, which, upon others, would seem in no degree calculated for veneration! and vice versa. I laughed one day at a lady, who, mistaking a head of Catiline for that of Collatinus, imagined she discovered in the expression the

sublime grief of Collatinus at the death of Lucretia. However, such mistakes are far from being uncommon.

I do not maintain that there are not many good men whose faces bear the distinct impress of their goodness, nor many bad men whose features do not as clearly bespeak their evil dispositions; I maintain only that there are many whose expression is very dubious.

In conclusion, having somewhat re-established old Schiller in my good graces, I considered him with more attention than before, and he no longer displeased me. To tell the truth, his language, with all its roughness, sometimes gave token of an elevated mind.

"Corporal as I am," said he, "they have given me as a retreat the sad office of jailer, and, God knows, it is more disagreeable to me than risking my life in battle."

I repented of having spoken to him with haughtiness. "My dear Schiller," said I to him, pressing his hand, "you would in vain deny it—I see that you *are* good; and since I have fallen into misfortune, I thank Heaven for having given me you as a keeper."

He heard my words, hung down his head, and putting his hand upon his forehead as a man who had some uneasy thought, he answered me:—

"I am a wicked man, sir; I have been compelled to take an oath which I shall not break. I am forced to treat all my prisoners with the same severity, without respect to their condition, without sanctioning any abuse, especially with regard to the state prisoners. The emperor knows what is done, and my duty is to obey him."

"You are an honest man, and I will respect what you regard as a conscientious duty. He who acts according to the dictates of his conscience may be wrong, but he is sinless before God."

"Poor gentleman! take patience and pity me: I will be stern in my duties, but the heart—the heart is full of sorrow at not being able to solace the unfortunate. This is what I wished to tell you."

We were both moved. He begged me to be calm, not to pass into fury like most of the condemned, and not to force him to treat me harshly.

He assumed afterwards a rough tone, as if to hide from me his emotion, saying, "Now, I must go."

But he turned to ask me how long I had had the miserable cough which afflicted me, and he directed a few maledictions upon the physician for not coming to visit me that evening.

"You have a high fever," he continued; "I know it. You will need a straw bed at least; but we cannot give one until the physician has ordered it."

He left me, and closed the door. I stretched myself upon the hard bed, suffering from fever, and distressing pains in the chest, but less chafed, less the enemy of mankind, less removed from God.

*Silvio Pellico.*

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EYLAU, AFTER THE BATTLE.

As soon as it was safe, my curiosity prompted me to visit the memorable scene, and terribly indeed had the iron hand of war stamped its baneful traces on those unfortunate districts. Here, the peaceful peasant, who knew not even the name of Bonaparte, was scared from his abode, and friend and foe appeared to have united to make him feel his woeful lot.

The Russians, to make them fires, had unroofed and broken up the huts of all the neighbouring villages. Every kind of provision was here swept away, and misery and indigence were to be seen in their greatest extremes. Parents were obliged to bury their starved offspring in their own gardens. Poor, emaciated, hollow-eyed figures were crawling about in



rags, like beggars, and it was almost impossible to enter their houses on account of the stench of dead bodies, from

which even my essence of vinegar was not sufficient to defend me. Nor were those near the French head-quarters, any more fortunate, for they also lost whatever could be found; and the rector of Jessau, having fled to Königsberg, his whole library was made use of to boil the soldiers' kettles. Without having seen it, I never should have believed that human nature could bear such an excessive degree of misery.

Overpowered by these dreadful sights, I deemed it better to go and contemplate the horrors of the field. How mangled soever I there found many of my fellow creatures, yet these lifeless bodies had at least surmounted their sufferings, while the unfortunate inhabitants of Eylau were languishing towards the more excruciating death of hunger, which certainly would have been their dismal lot, had they not received from Königsberg the most speedy relief.

Had I first visited the field of battle, this hideous and unusual sight would undoubtedly have shocked me much more than it now did: for, after having had my mind so deeply harrowed up, the sight of the field of battle appeared a relief, although there were from twelve to fifteen thousand slaughtered victims strewed before me. Here might be seen carts,



horses, harness, cloaks and hats, with broken muskets, pistols and other arms, all in confusion, scattered about. Russia, French, Germans, and Prussians, laying side by side.

The want of provisions was aggravated by the mortifying reflection, that five acres as much was wasted by the soldiers, as was used. Every thing was destroyed and laid waste: not

a door or a window remained. The combatants followed each other into the houses, and when at length the place was given up to plunder, the inhabitants, from the highest to the lowest, were robbed of everything they possessed.

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## RECOLLECTIONS OF THE MAYPOLE.

The church ringers agreed on the Sunday afternoon before May-day, to consecrate it to an old and delightful recreation. This agreement was soon bruited in the vicinage. The fair sex of all ages were inspired with the news, and the young in particular, looked forward to a day which the old remembered as the sounds of departed memories, and which lived again like the new sun, smiling from behind delicious mists.

Long ere the early stars yielded to brighter influence, and the orient was streaked with vernal morning, the ringers rose from their pillows with contented consciences, and traced the hedges, vales, and lairs, whitened like twilight, with the crisp frost of colder hours, and plucked the flowers and green clusters for a decorative recollection round the May-pole, which, even in the smiles of a beautiful season, was being already prepared by those who could cling like ivy round its aspiring and tapering top, with ribbons sent from the lasses' collections as love-gifts for the merry making and never dying spring of nature.

By the smith's hammer and asthma-like bellows being still, and a muster of rosy faces and bright eyes being near the inn, by which the May-pole was standing, it was evident that the farmers and trades-people patronised this amusement; and, by the clergyman's servant being sent by his old mistress, the



dowager lady of the village, with offerings in aid of May, a congenial exertion augmented the highest authority, by the alertness shewn and sanctioned with magisterial permission.

Moreover, a wedding was whispered, and which was seen at ten o'clock approaching the church. The bridegroom was a shoemaker of the place known to all; and the bride, a trim, pretty looking barmaid, less refined than Miss Hardcastle, or



Lætitia Hardy, but more bland than Sally Mags, and for a country housewife, more than equal to serve in the capacity of Crispinian. As the intended couple passed their neighbours' houses, the deaf and crippled, mothers with infants in their arms, and grandfathers, in their caps, were seen stooping over the half doors, indulging in curious speculations and laughing converse as to the propriety

or disadvantage likely to accrue from the marriage, "to adorn a moral, and to point a tale."

Many of the agile had, previous to the arrival, gained the pews nearest the chancel, in which they could see and hear the ceremony. Some of the aged and omen women waited patiently on their sticks to divine the first death by their manner in leaving the church porch. The clergyman was at his post, and the obsequious clerk identified it, by his notorious A—men! which, by being fine-drawn through his nasal-pressing barnacles, would have appeared, in a more polite circle, like caricature. The service, was, however, performed with due impression. The whispers and becks of the critical and occult, of the jocose and simpering, interrupted by the crying of impatient children, and the incontrollable smiles occasioned by the pastor giving the bride the first kiss on her rising from the hassock; and the bustle in all directions to get out of the church before the married couple, intimated to the ringers, who were peeping through the belfry window in readiness, "that the knot was tied." The ropes were now pulled into a peal, and the scenery around enlivened by echoes and intonations of cheerfulness. During this natural effect, "the made happy for life," entered their little leasehold bulk, amid the huzzas of the rustics, and partook of refreshments with their friends, whose mirth dried the tear and relieved the somewhat oppressed spirits of the bride, who, in her new character, felt awkwardly how to behave in the discriminating presence of experienced matrons.

Hence, to the May-pole. Garlands are now hanging from the top to the base. The girls are busily dressing for their

part in their revelry. Some even are pouting and mistrusting the sincerity of those youths who are to lead them in the dance; and others, piqued at the agreeable attentions received by their enchanting associates. Persuaded and encouraged by their sage mothers, they assemble in *propria personæ*. The lads are dressed for the morris; and the piper is wreathed for leading them with—

“Come trip it as you go,  
On the light fantastic toe.”

Here benches, forms, chairs and tables, are placed on the outside of the inn; and cakes, ale, and cyder, are handed round by the landlord and his waiters, with eyes for business.”



How charmingly the sun shines over this scene! the dance is begun, and people are watching the motion. The more highly bred of the place take a sidelong look, and shrewdly remark on the simplicity of uncultivated individuals: they consider “the motive, the being, and the end.” They compare not their opera reminiscences, for these are partly the works of art; but the action before them is the out-flooding and full pulsation of nature, “uttering audibly within, the general moral.”—This is lasting—When rheumatic pain is felt, and dimness sleeps over the eye: when the cough strangles, and twi-child decrepity indicates the downhill of years, then such an in-dwelling identity as this is as precious as the last opportunities of time: it is dear for its love, bright for its pleasure, and lasting for its nature; here, as the dance

enraptures the feelings, many a heart is lost in the labyrinth of a repeated glance stolen in the passionate movement. Here, the hours of the day are nearly exhausted without ennui, and languor is revived by additional refreshment. Here, the flowers droop over the fading boughs, and remind the sons and daughters of gaiety, thus evanishing are their joys, and thus graveward the choicest exhilarations tends, and till more peaceful, and better be provided, let not, a misanthropic, or too refined taste, abridge the diversions of a "bold peasantry, the country's pride."

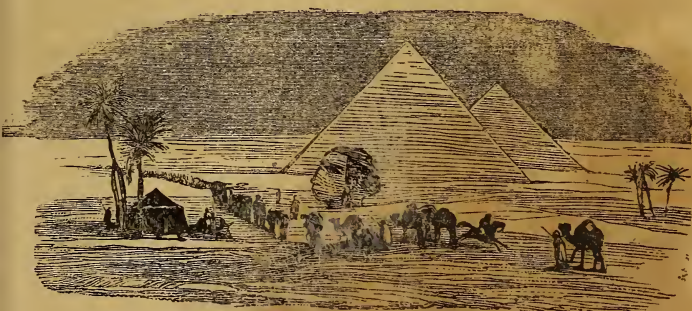
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It is not the height to which men are advanced that makes them giddy; it is the looking down with contempt upon those beneath.

The richest endowments of the mind, are temperance, prudence, and fortitude: prudence is an universal virtue which enters into the composition of all the rest, and where that is not present, fortitude loses its name and nature.

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## THE PYRAMIDS OF EGYPT.



With what amazement did we survey the vast surface that was presented to us, when we arrived at this stupendous monument, which seemed to reach the clouds! Here and there appeared Arab guides upon the immense masses above us, like so many pigmies, waiting to shew the way up to the summit. For a moment we thought we heard voices, and listened; but it was the wind, in powerful gusts, sweeping the immense ranges of sand. Already some of our party had

begun the ascent, and were pausing at the tremendous depth which they saw below. One of our military companions, after having surmounted the most difficult part of the undertaking, became giddy in consequence of looking down from the elevation he had attained; and being compelled to abandon the project, he hired an Arab to assist him in effecting his descent. The rest of us, more accustomed to the business of climbing heights, with many a halt for respiration, and many an exclamation of wonder, pursued our way towards the summit. The mode of ascent has been frequently described; and yet, from the questions which are often proposed to travellers, it does not appear to be generally understood. The reader may imagine himself to be upon a staircase, every step of which, to a man of middle stature, is nearly breast high; and the breadth of each step is equal to its height: consequently the footing is secure; and although a retrospect, in going up, be sometimes fearful to persons unaccustomed to look down from any considerable elevation, yet there is little danger of falling. In some places, indeed, where the stones are decayed, caution may be required: and an Arab guide is always necessary, to avoid a total interruption; but, upon the whole, the means of ascent are such that almost every one may accomplish it. At length we reached the topmost tier, to the great delight and satisfaction of all the party. Here we found a platform, thirty-two feet square, consisting of nine large stones, each of which might weigh about a ton, although they are much inferior in size to some of the stones used in the construction of the pyramid.

The view from this eminence amply fulfilled our expectation: nor do the accounts which have been given of it, as it appeared at this season of the year, exaggerate the novelty and grandeur of the sight. All the region towards Cairo and the Delta resembled a sea covered with innumerable islands. Forests of palm-trees were seen standing in the water; the inundation spreading over the land where they stood, so as to give them an appearance of growing in the flood. To the north, as far as the eye could reach, nothing was to be discerned but a watery surface, thus diversified by plantations and by villages. To the south we saw the Pyramids of Saccara; and, upon the east of these, smaller monuments of the same kind, nearer to the Nile. An appearance of ruins might indeed be traced from the Pyramids of Djiza to those of Saccara, as if they had been once connected, so as to constitute one vast cemetery. Beyond the Pyramids of Saccara, we could perceive the dis-

tant mountains of the Said; and upon an eminence near the Libyan side of the Nile appeared a monastery of considerable size. Towards the west and south-west, the eye ranged over the great Libyan Desert, extending to the utmost verge of the horizon, without a single object to interrupt the dreary horror of the landscape, except dark floating spots, caused by the shadows of passing clouds upon the sand.

Having collected our party upon a sort of platform, before the entrance of the passage leading to the interior of the larger pyramid, and lighted a number of tapers, we all descended into its dark mouth. The impression made upon every one of us, in viewing the entrance, was this: that no set of men whatever could thus have opened a passage, by uncovering precisely the part of the pyramid where the entrance was concealed, unless they had been previously acquainted with its situation. The persons who undertook the work, actually opened the pyramid in the only point, over all its vast surface, where, from the appearance of the stones inclined to each other above the mouth of the passage, any admission to the interior seems to have been originally intended. So marvellously concealed as this was, are we to credit the legendary story given to us from an Arabian writer, who, discoursing of the wonders of Egypt, attributed the opening of this pyramid to Almamon, a Caliph of Babylon, about nine hundred and fifty years since?

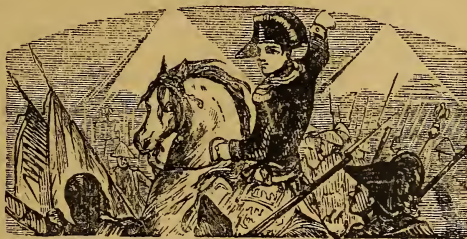
Proceeding down this passage, (which may be compared to a chimney about a yard wide, inclined, as Greaves affirms, by an angle of twenty-six degrees to the platform at the entrance,) we presently arrived at a very large mass of granite; this seems placed on purpose to choke up the passage; but a way has been made round it, by which we were enabled to ascend into a second channel, sloping in a contrary direction towards the mouth of the first. Having ascended along this channel, to the distance of one hundred and ten feet, we came to a horizontal passage, leading to a chamber with an angular roof, in the interior of the pyramid. In this passage we found, upon our right hand, the mysterious well, which has been so often mentioned. Pliny makes the depth of it equal to one hundred and twenty-nine feet; but Greaves, in sounding it with a line, found the plummet rest at the depth of twenty feet.

We threw down some stones, and observed that they rested at about the depth which Greaves has mentioned; but being at length provided with a stone nearly as large as the mouth of the well, and about fifty pounds in weight, we let this fall,

listening attentively to the result from the spot where the other stones rested : we were agreeably surprised by hearing, after a length of time which must have equalled some seconds, a loud and distinct report, seeming to come from a spacious subterraneous apartment, accompanied by a splashing noise, as if the stone had been broken into pieces, and had fallen into a reservoir of water at an amazing depth. Thus does experience always tend to confirm the accounts left us by the ancients; for this exactly answers to the description given by Pliny of this well.

After once more regaining the passage whence these ducts diverge, we examined the chamber at the end of it, mentioned by all who have described the interior of this building. Its roof is angular; that is to say, it is formed by the inclination of large masses of stone leaning towards each other, like the appearance presented by those masses which are above the entrance to the pyramid. Then quitting the passage altogether, we climbed the slippery and difficult ascent which leads to what is called the principal chamber. The workmanship, from its perfection, and its immense proportions, is truly astonishing. All about the spectator, as he proceeds, is full of majesty, and mystery, and wonder. Presently we entered that "glorious room," as it is justly called by Greaves, where, "as within some consecrated oratory, Art may seem to have contended with Nature." It stands "in the very heart and centre of the pyramid, equidistant from all its sides, and almost in the midst between the basis and the top. The floor, the sides, the roof of it, are all made of vast and exquisite tables of Thebaick marble." It is often called *Oriental granite*, and sometimes *Egyptian granite*, but it differs in no respect from European granite, except that the red feldspar enters more largely as a constituent into the mass than is usual in the granite of Europe. So exquisitely are the masses of this granite fitted to each other upon the sides of this chamber, that, although having no cement between them, it is really impossible to force the blade of a knife within the joints. This has been often related before; but we actually tried the experiment, and found it to be true. There are only six ranges of stone from the floor to the roof, which is twenty feet high; and the length of the chamber is about twelve yards. It is also about six yards wide. The roof or ceiling consists only of nine pieces, of stupendous size and length, traversing the room from side to side, and lying like enormous beams, across the top.

At the moment of giving battle to Murad Bey at the foot of the pyramids, Bonaparte, pointing to these ancient and



gigantic monuments, exclaimed : " Soldiers, you are about to fight the rulers of Egypt ; reflect, that from these monuments you are contemplated by forty centuries."

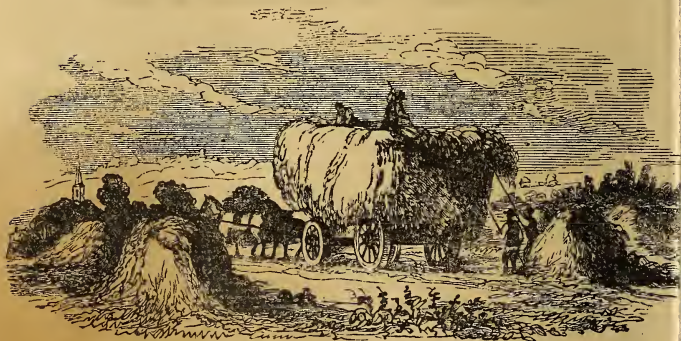
Forty centuries, in fact, did look down on the French from the pyramids. Forty centuries, of which the first had seen the foundation of these immense royal tombs, laid by the servile hands of the inferior Egyptians, and of which the last, saw these monuments of ancient servitude conquered at the hands of the free citizens of France, Napoleon's short harangue indicated the great distinction between the founders and the conquerors ; the former tyrants, or slaves by birth ; the latter, all free and on an equality, leaders or soldiers, according to their merits. From the Pharaohs, absolute masters and oppressors of the tribes hereditarily subjected to the most severe labour, and the most abject existence, down to the general, who had just declared to the Egyptians, " That all men were equal before God," and who announced to them the exclusive reign of talent and virtue, there is an uninterrupted chain of slow, painful, and wearisome progress, the first link of which is connected with the foundation stone of the pyramids, laid by hereditary misery, and the last with the proclamation of the warrior, who acknowledged the right of wisdom and capacity alone to govern mankind, and who shewed himself more jealous and more proud of the preponderance of his reason, than of the power of his sword. In telling the soldiers of the Republic that they would be regarded by forty centuries, and then that they were about to face, and give battle to the tribes who still exercised the ancient practice of slavery, Bonaparte powerfully excited the ardour of his troops to preserve and extend the benefits of a civilization which had

cost humanity four thousand years of struggle and sacrifice. These imposing and mysterious witnesses were not appealed to in vain; the French army replied by a complete victory to the eloquent invocation of its general.

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SONG OF THE HAYMAKERS.

The noontide is hot, and our foreheads are brown,  
 Our palms are all shining and hard :  
 Right close is our work with the wain and the fork,  
 And but poor is our daily reward.



But there's joy in the sunshine, and mirth in the lark,  
 That skims whistling away over head ;  
 Our spirits are light, though our skins may be dark,  
 And there's peace with our meal of brown bread.  
 We dwell in the meadows, we toil on the sod,  
 Far away from the city's dull gloom ;  
 And more jolly are we, though in rags we may be,  
 Than the pale faces over the loom.  
 Then a song and a cheer for the bonnie green stack  
 Climbing up to the sun wide and high ;  
 For the pitchers, and rakers, and merry haymakers,  
 And the beautiful Midsummer sky.

Come forth, gentle ladies—come forth, dainty sirs,  
 And lend us your presence awhile ;  
 Your garments will gather no stain from the burs,  
 And a freckle won't tarnish your smile.

Our carpet's more soft for your delicate feet  
 Than the pile of your velveteed floor ;  
 And the air of our balm-swarth is surely as sweet  
 As the perfume of Araby's shore.  
 Come forth, noble masters, come forth to the field,  
 Where freshness and health may be found ;  
 Where the wind-rows are spread for the butterfly's bed,  
 And the clover bloom falleth around.  
 Then a song and a cheer for the bonnie green stack,  
 Climbing up to the sun wide and high ;  
 For the pitchers, and rakers, and merry haymakers,  
 And the beautiful Midsummer sky.

" Hold fast ! " cries the waggoner, loudly and quick,  
 And then comes the hearty " Gee-wo ! "  
 While the cunning old team-horses manage to pick  
 A sweet mouthful to munch as they go.  
 The tawny-faced children come round us to play,  
 And bravely they scatter the heap :  
 Till the tiniest one, all outspent with the fun,  
 Is curled up with the sheep-dog, asleep.  
 Old age sitteth down on the haycock's fair crown,  
 At the close of our labouring day ;



And wishes his life, like the grass at his feet,  
 May be puré at its " passing away."  
 Then a song and a cheer for the bonnie green stack,  
 Climbing up to the sun wide and high ;  
 For the pitchers, and rakers, and merry haymakers,  
 And the beautiful Midsummer sky.

*Eliza Cook.*

## THE BISHOP AND HIS BIRDS.

A worthy bishop, who died lately at Ratisbon, had for his arms two fieldfares, with the motto—"Are not two sparrows sold for a farthing?" This strange coat of arms had often excited attention, and many persons had wished to know its origin, as it was generally reported that the bishop had chosen it for himself, and that it bore reference to some event in his early life. One day an intimate friend, with whom he was

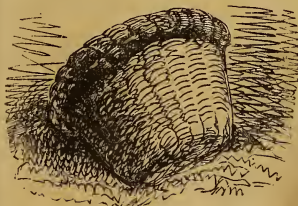


taking his morning's walk, asked him its meaning, and the bishop replied by relating the following story:—

Fifty or sixty years ago, a little boy resided at a village near Dillengen, on the banks of the Danube. His parents were very poor, and, almost as soon as the boy could walk, he was sent into the woods to pick up sticks for fuel. When he grew older, his father taught him to pick the juniper berries, and carry them to a neighbouring distiller, who wanted them for making hollands. Day by day the poor boy went to his task, and on his road he passed by the open windows of the village school, where he saw the schoolmaster teaching a number of boys of about the same age as himself. He looked at these

boys with feelings almost of envy, so earnestly did he long to be among them. He thought it was in vain to ask his father to send him to school, for he knew that his parents had no money to pay the schoolmaster; and he often passed the whole day thinking, while he was gathering his juniper berries, what he could possibly do to please the schoolmaster, in the hope of getting some lessons. One day, when he was walking sadly along, he saw two of the boys belonging to the school trying to set a bird-trap, and he asked one what it was for? The boy told him that the schoolmaster was very fond of fieldfares, and that they were setting the trap to catch some. This delighted the poor boy, for he recollected that he had often seen a great number of these birds in the juniper wood, where they came to eat the berries, and he had no doubt but he could catch some.

The next day the little boy borrowed an old basket of his mother, and when he went to the wood he had the great delight to catch two fieldfares.



He put them in the basket, and, tying an old hankerchief over it, he took them to the schoolmaster's house. Just as he arrived at the door, he saw the two little boys who had been setting the trap, and with some alarm he asked them if they had caught any birds. They

answered in the negative; and the boy, his heart beating with joy, gained admittance into the schoolmaster's presence. In a few words he told how he had seen the boys setting the trap, and how he had caught the birds, to bring them as a present to the master.

"A present, my good boy!" cried the schoolmaster; "you do not look as if you could afford to make presents. Tell me your price, and I will pay it to you, and thank you besides."

"I would rather give them to you, sir, if you please," said the boy.

The schoolmaster looked at the boy as he stood before him, with bare head and feet, and ragged trousers that reached only half-way down his naked legs. "You are a very singular boy!" said he; "but if you will not take money, you must tell me what I can do for you: as I cannot accept your present without doing something for it in return. Is there anything I can do for you?"

"Oh, yes!" said the boy, trembling with delight; "you can do for me what I should like better than anything else."

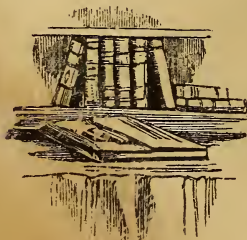
"What is that?" asked the schoolmaster, smiling.

"Teach me to read," cried the boy, falling on his knees; "oh, dear, kind sir, teach me to read."

The schoolmaster complied. The boy came to him at all his leisure hours, and learnt so rapidly, that the schoolmaster recommended him to a nobleman who resided in the neighbourhood. This gentleman, who was as noble in his mind as in his birth, patronised the poor boy, and sent him to school at Ratisbon. This gentlemen, who was as noble in his mind as in his birth, patronised the poor boy, and sent him to school at Ratisbon. The boy profited by his opportunities, and when he rose, as he soon did, to wealth and honours, he adopted two fieldfares as his arms."

"What do you mean?" cried the bishop's friend.

"I mean," returned the bishop, with a smile, "that the poor boy was MYSELF."



#### THE PEBBLE AND THE ACORN.

"I am a pebble, and yield to none,"

Were the swelling words of a tiny stone:

"Nor change nor season can alter me,

I am abiding while ages flee;

The pelting hail and the drizzling rain,

Have tried so often me long in vain;

And the tender dew has sought to melt,

Or to touch my heart, but it was not felt.

"None can tell of the people's birth,

For I am as old as the solid earth;

The children of men arise and pass

Out of the world, like blades of grass;

And many a foot on me has trod,

That's gone from the sight, and under the sod.

I am a pebble, but who art thou ?  
Rattling along from the reckless bough."  
The acorn was shock'd at this rude salute,  
And lay for a moment abash'd and mute ;  
She never before had been so near  
This gravelly ball, the mundane sphere,  
And felt for awhile perplex'd to know,  
How to answer a thing so low.  
But to give reproof of a nobler sort  
Than the angry look, or the keen retort,  
At length she said, in a gentle tone,  
" Since it has happened that I am thrown  
From the lighter elements where I grew,  
Down to another so hard and new,  
And beside a personage so august  
Abased I will cover my head with dust,  
And quickly retire from the sight of one,  
Whom time, nor season, nor storm, nor sun,  
Nor the gentle dew, nor the grinding wheel,  
Has ever subdued, or made to feel :"—  
And soon in the earth she sunk away,  
From the comfortless spot where the pebble lay.

But it was not long ere the soil was broke  
By the piercing leaves of an infant oak ;  
And as it rose, and its branches spread,  
The pebble looked up, and wondering said,  
" A modest acorn never to tell  
What was enclosed in her simple shell ;  
The pride of the forest was then shut up  
Within the space of her little cup :  
And meekly to sink in the darksome earth,  
To prove that nothing could hide her worth.  
And oh ! how many will tread on me,  
To come and admire that beautiful tree,  
Whose head is tow'ring towards the sky,  
Above such a worthless thing as I.  
Useless and vain, a cumberer here,  
I have been idling from year to year :  
But never from this shall a vaunting word  
From the humble pebble again be heard,  
Till something without me, or within,  
Can show the purpose for which I have been."  
The pebble cannot its vow forget,  
And it lies there wrapt in silence yet.

## ANECDOTE OF NAPOLEON.

After the fall of Venice, Napoleon, being desirous of bringing matters to an immediate issue, desired a conference with the Austrian plenipotentiaries, which he declared should be the last. He demanded a decisive answer to his proposals. Count Cobentzel, the Emperor's chief envoy, declared them to be rejected. Napoleon rose from his seat in anger, and taking from the mantel-piece a beautiful porcelain vase, which Cobentzel prized as the gift of the Empress Catherine, he energetically exclaimed, "You wish for war then? It is well: you shall have it. But mark me—in less than three months I will shatter your empire, as I now shatter this potsherd." And, dashing the vase on the floor, where it was instantly broken into a thousand pieces, he hastened from the apartment. The count was stupefied with chagrin and terror; but the Marquis de Gallo, in a few minutes, followed the General-in-chief, and endeavoured, partly by force and partly by entreaty, to detain him. Napoleon could hardly refrain from laughing



at the dejection of the marquis, who stood with his hat in his hand, bowing with all humility, while the carriage drove off. It being ascertained, directly afterwards, that an officer had

been despatched to the Arch-duke Charles, informing him that the negotiations were broken off, and that hostilities would recommence in twenty-four hours, Cobentzel became seriously alarmed; and instantly sent De Gallo to say that the *ultimatum* of France was accepted.

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MATILDA.

Matilda was married very young to a Neapolitan nobleman of the first quality, and found herself a widow and a mother at the age of fifteen. As she stood one day caressing her infant son in the open window of an apartment which hung over the



river Volturna, the child, with a sudden spring, leaped from her arms into the flood below, and disappeared in a moment. The mother, struck with instant surprise, and making an

effort to save him, plunged in after ; but far from being able to assist the infant, she herself with great difficulty escaped to the opposite shore, just when some French soldiers were plundering the country on that side, who immediately made her their prisoner.

As the war was then carried on between the French and Italians with the utmost inhumanity, they were going at once to perpetrate those two extremes suggested by appetite and cruelty. This base resolution, however, was opposed by a young officer, who, though their retreat required the utmost expedition, placed her behind him, and brought her in safety to his native city. Her beauty at first caught his eye ; her merit, soon after, his heart. They were married : he rose to the highest posts ; they lived long together and were happy. But the felicity of a soldier can never be called permanent : after an interval of several years, the troops which he commanded having met with a repulse, he was obliged to take shelter in the city where he had lived with his wife. Here they suffered a siege, and the city at length was taken. Few histories can produce more various instances of cruelty than those which the French and Italians at that time exercised upon each other. It was resolved by the victors upon this occasion, to put all the French prisoners to death ; but particularly the husband of the unfortunate Matilda, as he was principally instrumental in protracting the siege. Their determinations were, in general, executed almost as soon as resolved upon. The captive soldier was led forth, and the executioner with his sword stood ready, while the spectators, with gloomy silence, awaited the fatal blow, which was only suspended till the general who presided as judge should give the signal. It was in this interval of anguish and expectation, that Matilda came to take her last farewell of her husband and deliverer, deploring her wretched situation, and the cruelty of fate, that had saved her from perishing by a premature death in the river Volturna, to be the spectator of still greater calamities. The general, who was a young man, was struck with surprise at her beauty, and pity at her distress ; but with still stronger emotions when he heard her mention her former dangers. He was her son—the infant for whom she had encountered so much danger. He acknowledged her at once as his mother, and fell at her feet. The rest may be easily supposed ; the captive was set free, and all the happiness that love, friendship, and duty, could confer on earth, were united.

*Goldsmith.*

## THE IMPRISONED CRIMINAL.

The dungeon walls were dark and high—  
 The narrow pavement bare—  
 No sunlight of the blessed sky,  
 Might ever enter there :  
 In all the melancholy weeks  
 The prisoner chain'd had lain,  
 No breath of heaven had kiss'd his cheeks,  
 Or cool'd his fever'd brain.

For him,—awake—asleep—there came  
 No vision of sweet rest ;  
 Undying memory, like a flame,  
 Burn'd in his guilty breast :  
 Dark as the weary gloom around  
 His soul was dark within ;  
 For, oh ! he lived but in the sound  
 Of shamelessness and sin !

His mother heard his final doom,  
 With shrieks that thrilled through all ;  
 “ O ! could nought save him from the tomb ?  
 Must he—must he ! *thus* fall ? ”  
 The arrow pierc'd her aged head,  
 With cold and deadly pain ;  
 She totter'd senseless to her bed—  
 And never rose again !

His father spoke not—but the pale  
 And quivering lip confest,  
 The agonies which did assail  
 His miserable breast :  
 His eyes were closed, as if the light  
 Was loathsome to behold ;  
 But tears burst *from the lids* to sight—  
*They* could not be control'd !

Fast flew the fatal hours—he trod  
 Life's very brink, alone ;  
 Yet had no hope—no fear—*no God !*  
 His heart was turn'd to stone :—  
 I saw him as he passed along,  
 A branded death to die ;  
 Wild curses were upon his tongue—  
 Despair, and blasphemy !

If there be one these lines may teach  
 A moral ; not in vain  
 Have I endeavoured thus to reach  
 A more reflective strain ;  
 The picture is from life—each day  
 As sad a tale records :—  
 Virtue ! may thy eternal ray,  
 Light all deeds and words !

*Charles Swain.*

FABLE.—THE REVENGE OF THE BEASTS.

One day a number of animals that had been highly aggrieved by the tyranny and injustice of man, resolved to petition Jupiter for satisfaction. "Oh, Jupiter," exclaimed



the camel, "revenge me on this indolent tyrant, who, instead of carrying his own burthens, claps them on my back, and drives me into the desert, where I travel whole days without a drop of water." "Oh, Jupiter!" cried a great fat green turtle, "revenge me on this glutton, who kidnaps



me while I am sleeping in the sun—starves me for weeks on board of a ship, and eats me afterward, though he gives me nothing to eat." "Oh Jupiter!" squeaked the pig, "he stuffs me first, and then stuffs himself with me afterward;" and, "Oh,

Jupiter!" brayed the ass, "he loads me with panniers of liquor and delicious fruits, and gives me nothing but water

and thistles; I beseech thee to avenge us!" "Behold," answered Jupiter, "thou art revenged already! Dost thou see that turbaned wretch yonder, chewing opium, and dozing



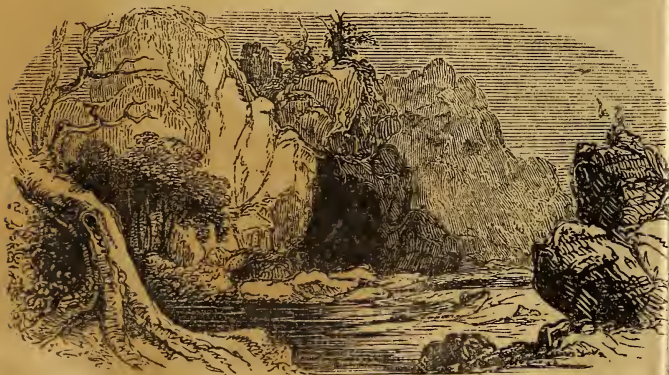
away a miserable existence? And dost thou see yonder christian, in his nightgown and slippers, taking doses of physic and making wry faces! And dost thou see that wretch, reeling along, with his blood-red face and carbuncled nose? The one is a martyr to indolence: he is thy victim, oh hump-backed camel! he is reaping the fruits of making thee bear his burdens, instead of carrying them himself. The physic-taking mortal is paying the forfeit of your wrongs, oh pig and turtle! And the reeling wretch is securing to himself a life of guilt, misery and disgrace, by means of the liquor thou carriest on thy back, oh, most unreasonable donkey! Go thy ways in quiet, for again I say thou art amply revenged." The petitioners departed? but the camel, being a quadruped of great gravity, and somewhat of a philosopher, could not help thinking to himself, neither he nor the rest of the beasts were much the better for this species of vengeance. It is thus with man. He persuades himself that revenge will redress his wrongs and assuage his sorrows, and when he hugs it to his heart, finds only the fangs of the serpent distilling venom into his wounds.

FABLE.—THE DROP OF WATER, THE BROOK, THE RIVER,  
AND THE OCEAN.

A drop of water, that sparkled like a jewel in the sun, once fell from the clouds, into a little mountain-stream, and, ere it

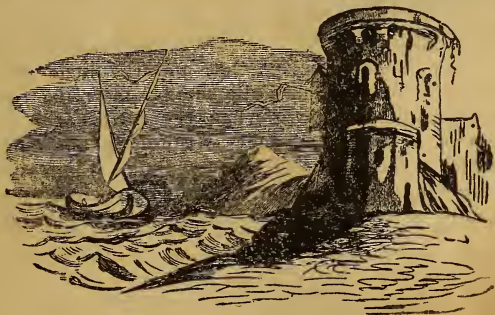


lost its identity, exclaimed, in all the anguish of dissolution, "Alas! what a catastrophe—I am swallowed up in immensity." The little stream laughed, as it leaped down the mountain side, at the lamentation of such an insignificant thing as a drop of water, and vain of its consequence, continued brawling its crystal way, in all the pride of conscious superiority, until, at length, with a sudden plunge, it fell headlong into a mighty river, and, like the drop of water, was lost in a moment, crying out, in its last agonies, "Oh, fate! who would have thought a



brook of my size could be swallowed so easily?" The river murmured its contempt for the little foolish stream, and

continued its course, gathering strength and pride, breaking through mountains, tearing the rocks from their seats, and coursing, in a thousand graceful meanders, through flowery meadows, until it found its way to the vast and melancholy ocean, in whose boundless waste it lost its being, like the drop of water, and the little mountain-stream. "Is it possible?" exclaimed the mighty river, "that I have been thus collecting tribute from half a world, only to become nothing at last?"



'Tis thus with thee, oh man! Thou beginnest in insignificance, like the drop of water; thou becomest a laughing, leaping, brawling thing, like the brook; thou waxest proud and great, like the mighty river; and ere thou canst say, in the vanity of thy heart, "What an illustrious mortal am I," thou art lost in eternity.

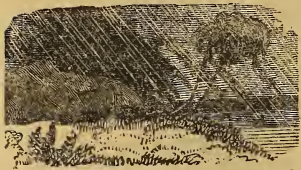
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FABLE.—THE MOLE-HILL AND THE MOUNTAIN.

A towering mountain reared its head to the skies, on one side of a wide and deep valley; on the other a little mole-hill lay basking in the sun. As it contemplated the distant mountain, shooting its snow-capped brow into the regions of boundless space, far above the clouds, and beheld the gilded glories of its distant summit, the mole-hill became discontented and unhappy. It contrasted its own insignificance with the awful and majestic outlines of its mighty neighbour; it wished a thousand times it could raise its head above the clouds; it sighed at the thought that it could never become a mountain, and impeached the justice of the gods, for having made it only a mole-hill, to be trodden upon by man, and crawled over by the most contemptible insects. In short, it

pined itself into wretchedness, and sacrificed all the comforts of its own littleness to the desire of becoming great.

As it one day lay gazing upward at the distant object of its envy, a storm suddenly gathered around the summit of the mountain; the lightnings leaped with forked tongues, the thunder rolled, the tempest lashed its lofty sides, and the torrents poured down, tearing their way, and ploughing deep ravines in their course, while all beneath remained perfectly quiet, and the little mole-hill lay basking in the sunbeams of a summer morning. Scarcely had the storm passed away, when the earth began to rock and tremble, as with an ague; a rumbling and appalling noise raged in the bowels of the mountain, which suddenly burst, throwing volumes of smoke, and showers of fire into the peaceful skies, that turned from blue to glowing red.



Rivers of burning lava gushed out from its sides, coursing their way towards the valley, and scathing the verdure and

the woods into black smoking ruins. In a few hours the majestic mountain seemed as it were disembowelled, and, having nothing to sustain it, fell in, with a crash that shook the surrounding world, and hid the ambient skies in a chaos of dust and ashes. The mole-hill had all this time remained quiet and safe in its lowly retreat, and when the obscurity had become dissipated, and it beheld the great object of its envy crumbled into a mass of smoking ruins, it became all of a sudden the happiest of mole-hills. "Body o' me!" it cried, "but it is a great blessing to be little. Oh, terra! I thank thee that thou didst not make me a mountain!"

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 DEATH.

Mysterious power! whose dark and gloomy sway

Extends o'er all creation, what art thou?

They call thee 'King of Terrors!' drear dismay

Followeth thy footsteps, and around thy brow

Hovers a thick impenetrable cloud,

Which, to some hearts, is Hope's sad funeral shroud.

Beside the infant on its cradle bed,

The mother watches thro' the hour of night;

Hope hath not quite her lonely spirit fled,

Tho' o'er her first-born babe hath passed the blight

Of fell disease: wait, wait one moment more,

Thy hand has touched it, Death, and hope is o'er.



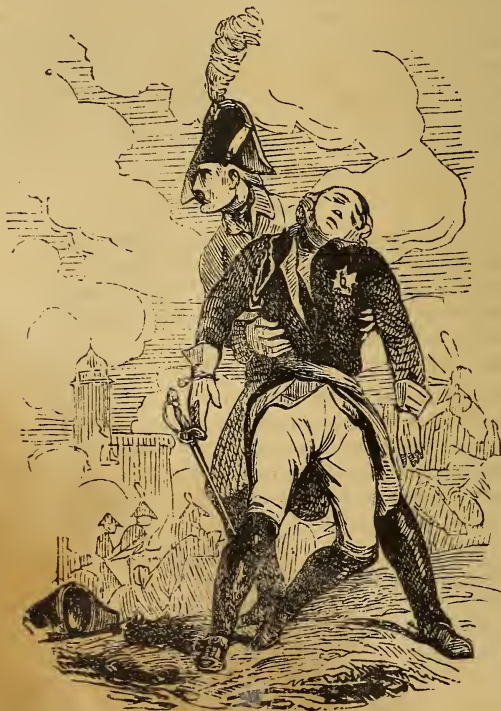
Thou turn'st the hall of revelry to gloom,

The wedding garment to a garb of woe;

Thou com'st in silence to the banquet room,

Ceased is the noisy mirth, the red wine's flow,

And men look pale at thee, and gasp for breath,  
 Thou doest this, thou doest more, oh ! Death,  
 Thou twin'st the cypress wreath round victory's brow,  
 The brave have won the fight, but, fighting, fell ;



It was thine arm that laid the victor low,  
 And toll'd amid the triumph, a lone knell  
 For his departure : Death—thy gloomy power  
 Can throw a sadness o'er the happiest hour.

Thou comest to the monarch in his hour  
 Of pomp, and pride, and royalty's array ;  
 And the next victim of thy reckless power  
 May be the beggar in his hut of clay,  
 Thy hand can lay the tattered vagrant down  
 Beside the head that wore the kingly crown.

Childhood is thine, its unexpanded bloom,  
 Shrinks to decay beneath thy chilling breath :  
 Gay Youth, thou witherest, with thy touch of doom,  
 Stern Manhood shrinks beneath thy grasp, oh, death,



And fragile Age by worldly cares opprest,  
 Sinks, softly sinks, into those arms for rest.

And then methought death's hollow voice replied,  
 'Rash mortal—would'st thou tempt the dangerous gloom  
 Launch thy frail bark upon the awful tide  
 That laves the lonely islands of the tomb ;  
 Dar'st thou, in thy vain impotence of pride  
 Demand the knowledge to frail man denied ?

' Call'st thou me reckless, when I place my hand  
 Upon the earliest buddings of the spring ?  
 Had I allowed those sweet buds to expand.  
 What would the skies of gloomy autumn bring ?  
 Darkness, dismay : those sweet buds, leaf by leaf,  
 Had sadly faded, full of tears and grief.

What though I slew the victor in his pride,  
 'Tis meet the brave on battle-field should die,



His name is echoed thro' the nations wide,  
 Reared is the column where his ashes lie ;

He sought for fame, he won it, bravely won ;  
 He died for fame, when his great task was done.

' What tho' I turn the banquet room to grief,  
 The wedding garment to a garb of woe,  
 Do I not bring to wounded hearts relief ?  
 Do I not ease the wretched of his woe ?  
 Then taunt me not with wanton cruelty,  
 Man knows 'tis written ' thou must surely die ! '

' But at what hour, no mortal power may know,  
 Whether at morn. at dewy eve, or night,  
 When sinks the heart beneath its weight of woe,  
 Or throb the pulses with supreme delight,  
 Vain mortal ! cease God's sovereign will to scan,  
 Be thou prepared to meet the son of man ! '

*Clarke.*

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HANNIBAL.

The instability of human greatness, the evanescent character of popular applause, and the futility of glory, are strongly exemplified in the story of the Carthaginian general, Hannibal. Of whom can it more truly be said

" He left a name at which the world grew pale,  
 To point a moral or adorn a tale ? "

Hannibal was born 220 years before the christian era ; and, while yet an infant, sworn by his father to be the unrelenting enemy of Rome. The strength of his frame enabled him unrepiningly to endure all the varied hardships of a military career with the common soldier, and his enlarged capacity eminently fitted him to command. Astonishing triumphs over the enemies of his country marked his onward progress, and nature herself seemed in vain to oppose the hero of Carthage. He crossed the Alps in the middle of winter, and when his men drew back in dismay from a precipice so terrific, that to go on seemed altogether impracticable, the general, who held that nothing was impossible to brave men, felled trees, and made an enormous fire, which the wind drove full against the flinty mass, and rendered it intensely hot, when, by pouring vinegar thereon, he so far softened the rock that the workmen who accompanied the army were enabled to form a road by which the troops could be led to Rome and victory.

But all the triumphs which he won in the field, failed to shelter him from the malice and hatred of those he served; and fortune at length proving faithless to his standard, we find him, in the decline of life, bereft of one eye, and dispirited, though still unsubdued, moralising with melancholy earnestness on the folly which commonly marks the course of the votaries of fame. Near Zama, a city not far from Carthage, he met Scipio, and sued for peace from the son of the man whom he had formerly conquered. "You," said he, to the Roman captain, "are young, and perhaps not yet lessoned in the school of adversity. You are now what I was after the battles of Cannæ and Thrasymene; you perhaps will aim at splendid rather than at useful virtues; but, consider that peace is the end at which all victories ought to aim, and that peace I am sent here by my country to offer; do not then expose to the hazard of an hour that fame which you have obtained by many conquests." He pleaded in vain. Scipio gave him battle; and the Carthaginian, after exhibiting all that courage as a soldier, or skill as a commander, could display, sustained a total defeat.

From the catastrophe of Zama he never recovered. His ungrateful countrymen, resenting misfortune, forgot the mighty achievements of his younger days; and Hannibal became a friendless wanderer. His enemies were as unforgiving as his friends were ungrateful; and, with most unworthy animosity the Romans, in the day of their success, had the meanness to demand that the warrior, before whom they had formerly quailed should be given up to them.

He now became an exile from Carthage. Having visited Tyre, he proceeded to the court of Antiochus, who made him his admiral; but he soon found that he was not safe there, and it was intended to give him up to the Romans. He sought refuge in several petty states, and at length was received with some kindness by Prusias, King of Bithynia; and here, after all the storms he had encountered, hoped to find that repose which he was denied to seek in the land which gave him birth, and close his days in peace.

The wrath of offended Rome pursued the victor in this retreat. T. Quintius Flaminius was sent to expostulate with King Prusias on his conduct, for entertaining, as he did, "a man in his court, who, of all that lived, was the most bitter enemy of the Roman name." The king was easily moved to gratify Flaminius; and he consented to put Hannibal to death, or deliver him into his hands.

A military guard was immediately set in the house in which the devoted Carthaginian resided. Yet was he not taken by surprise; for, according to Titus Livius, he had always expected that Roman vengeance would pursue him; and he felt that little dependence could be placed on the professions of kings generally; and he knew, from mournful experience, the fickle character of Prusias. The arrival of Flaminius warned him of the impending danger. That he might always have the means of escape, when beset by enemies, he had contrived seven ways for leaving his house, and some of them so ingeniously secret that he expected it would be impossible to secure them by a guard. "But," says the author just mentioned, "the severe commands of kings make everything discoverable that they wish to find out." In this instance the residence of Hannibal was so completely surrounded by guards, that no one could quit it unobserved.

When told that the king's soldiers were in his porch, Hannibal endeavoured to withdraw by a back door, which was the most private outlet; but, finding that it was effectually watched by armed men, and that guards were stationed on every side, he called for poison, which he had long before caused to be prepared as a last resource. "Let us free," said he, "the Roman people from their miserable alarm, since they think it long to wait for the death of an old man. Flaminius will gain no great or glorious triumph over one like me, disarmed and betrayed. How deplorably the Romans have degenerated is proved by their present conduct. Their fathers gave King Pyrrhus, who was their enemy in arms, and, with a great force in Italy, warning to take care of poison, which a foe designed to administer; but they have now sent a consular ambassador to persuade King Prusias basely to murder his guest and friend." With that, having breathed a bitter malediction on his perfidious host, he called upon the gods of hospitality to mark his violated person, and so swallowed the fatal draught, and ceased to live. He died in the year B. C. 183.

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#### NAPOLEON'S GENEROSITY.

The conduct of Napoleon towards two English sailors was long a subject of admiration throughout the army. They had been prisoners at Verdun; but having escaped from the depot, and reached the neighbourhood of Boulogne, concealed them-

selves in the woods, and were waiting for an opportunity to get on board some English vessel, which they occasionally saw approach the land. Finding that the watch upon the coast was too strict to afford any chance of their procuring a boat by stealth, they adopted the idea of making one; and accordingly set diligently to work with their knives, the only tools they had, cutting branches from the trees, and interlacing these with ozers. This frail bark was five or six feet long, and between three or four wide; and when the hull was completed, its owners contrived to obtain some sail-cloth, to cover the sides and bottom. The vessel was altogether so light, that a man could carry it with ease upon his back. Nothing but the love of home and of freedom, or the recklessness of despair, could have prompted any person to trust his life in such a basket; yet, one or all these feelings were so strong with the bold seamen in question, that the risk of being drowned or shot seemed light in comparison



with the hope of escape. Seizing an opportunity, when they had one day descried a cruiser in the channel, they issued from their lurking place, and fearlessly put to sea. They had not advanced far, however, before they were perceived, and a custom-house galley despatched to bring them back. The chase was a brief one; and the captured men

when brought to shore, were instantly immured in prison as spies. The incident quickly spread through the camp, and was reported to the Emperor, who, struck with the almost incredible daring of the adventurers, ordered them and their vessel to be brought into his presence. Napoleon could not conceal his astonishment, that rational men could have entertained such a design, and endeavoured to carry it into execution with such feeble means at their command. "Is it really the fact, that you intended to cross the sea in such a thing as this?" he asked. "Ay, sir," replied one of the prisoners; "give us permission to do so, and you shall soon see us depart." The Emperor, whose feelings were enlisted in their favour, replied, "You shall have permission. You are bold and enterprising, and I admire courage wheresoever it is found. But you shall not again expose your life needlessly. You are free. I will give immediate orders to conduct you on board an English ship: and when you have returned to your native land, tell your countrymen how highly I esteem brave men, even when they are my enemies." The hardy seamen were overwhelmed with joyful surprise at this unexpected generosity. They had just before been informed that they were to be shot: they now found themselves at perfect liberty, and objects of interest to the greatest warrior of the age; in addition to which, they were presented with several pieces of gold, to procure them new clothes and necessaries, until they could be safely sent away.

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#### INFLUENCE OF HABITS.

The whole character may be said to be comprehended in the term *habits*; so that it is not so far from being true, that a man is a bundle of habits." Suppose you were compelled to wear an iron collar about your neck through life, or a chain upon your ankle; would it not be a burden every day and hour of your existence? You rise in the morning a prisoner to your chain; you lie down at night, weary with the burden; and you groan the more deeply, as you reflect that there is no shaking it off. But even this would be no more intolerable to bear than many of the habits of men: nor would it be more difficult to be shaken off.

Habits are easily formed—especially such as are bad; and what to-day seems to be a small affair, will soon become fixed, and hold you with the strength of a cable. That same

cable, you will recollect, is formed by spinning and twisting one thread at a time; but, when once completed, the proudest ship turns her head towards it, and acknowledges her subjection to its power.

Habits of some kind will be formed by every student. He will have a particular course in which his time, his employments, his thoughts and feelings, will run. Good or bad, these habits soon become a part of himself, and a kind of second nature. Who does not know that the old man, who has occupied a particular corner of the old fire-place in the old house for sixty years, may be rendered wretched by a change? Who has not read of the release of the aged prisoner of the Bastille, who entreated that he might again return to his gloomy dungeon, because his habits, there formed, were so strong, that his nature threatened to sink under the attempt to break them up? You will probably find no man of forty, who has not habits which he laments; which mar his usefulness, but which are so interwoven with his very being, that he cannot break through them, at least he has not the courage to try. I am expecting you will form habits. Indeed, I wish you to do so. He must be a poor character, indeed, who lives so extempore as not to have habits of his own. But what I wish is, that you form those habits which are correct, and such as will every day and hour add to your happiness and usefulness. If a man were to be told that he must use the axe, which he now selects, through life, would he not be careful in selecting one of the right proportions and temper? If told that he must wear the same clothing through life, would he not be anxious as to the quality and kind? But these, in the cases supposed, would be of no more importance than is the selection of habits in which the soul shall act. You might as well place the body in a strait jacket, and expect it to perform, with ease, and comfort, and promptness, the various duties of the body, as to throw the soul into the habits of some men, and then expect it will accomplish anything great or good.

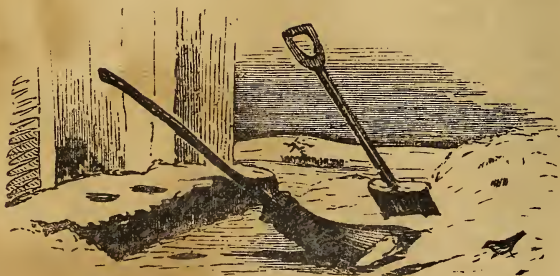
Do not fear to undertake to form *any* habit which is desirable; for it *can* be formed, and that with more ease than you may at first suppose. *Let the same thing, or the same duty return at the the same time every day, and it will soon become pleasant.* No matter if it be irksome at first; but how irksome soever it may be, only let it return periodically, every day, and that without any interruption

for a time, and it will become a positive pleasure. In this way all our habits are formed. The student who can with ease now sit down, and hold his mind down to his studies nine or ten hours a day, would find the labourer, or the man accustomed to active habits, sinking under it, should he attempt to do the same thing. I have seen a man sit down at the table spread with luxury, and eat a sailor's biscuit with relish, and without a desire for any other food. His health had compelled him thus to live, till it had become a pleasant habit of diet. Previous to this, however, he had been rather noted for being an epicure. "I once attended a prisoner," says an excellent man, "of some distinction, in one of the prisons of the metropolis, ill of a typhus fever, whose apartments were gloomy in the extreme, and surrounded with horrors; yet this prisoner assured me afterwards, that, upon his release, he quitted them with a degree of reluctance: *custom* had reconciled him to the twilight admitted through the thick-barred grate, to the filthy spots and patches of his plastered walls, to the hardness of his bed, and even to confinement."

I shall specify habits which, in my view, are very desirable to the student, and, at the same time, endeavour to give specific directions how to form them.

1. *Have a plan laid beforehand for every day.*

These plans ought to be maturely formed the evening previous, and, on rising in the morning, again looked at, and immediately entered upon. It is astonishing how much more we accomplish in a single day, (and of what else is life made up?) by having the plan previously marked out.



It is so in everything. This morning a man was digging a path through a deep snow-bank. It was almost insupport-

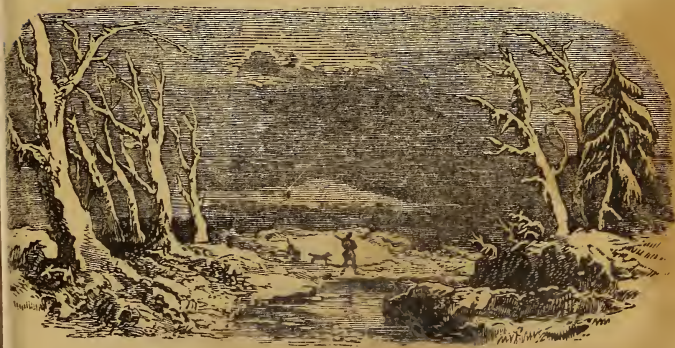
ably cold, and he seemed to make but little head-way, though he worked as if upon a wager. At length, getting out of breath, he paused, and marked out the width of the path with his shovel, then marked out the width of each shovel-full, and consequently the amount of snow at each throw of the shovel. In fifteen minutes, he had done more, and it was done neater and easier, than in thirty minutes previous, when working without a plan. It is of little consequence by what we illustrate, if we make a thing clear, and impress it upon the mind. I have found, in my own experience, as much difference in the labours of two days, when working with, or without a plan, at least, one half, without having the satisfaction, in the latter case, of knowing what I have done.

Experience will tell any man, that he is most successful in his own pursuits, when he is most careful as to method. A man of my acquaintance has a small slate, which hangs at his study-table. On that he generally finds, in the morning, his work for the day written down; and in the evening he reviews it, sees if he has omitted anything, and, if so, chides himself that all is not done.

*Todd.*

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TO WINTER.



Oh winter! ruler of th' inverted year,  
 Thy scatter'd hair with sleet like ashes fill'd,  
 Thy breath congeal'd upon thy lips, thy cheeks  
 Fring'd with a beard made white with other snows.

Than those of age ; thy forehead wrapt in clouds ;  
A leafless branch thy sceptre ; and thy throne  
A sliding car indebted to no wheels,  
But urg'd by storms along its slipp'ry way ;  
I love thee, all unlovely as thou seem'st,  
And dreaded as thou art. Thou hold'st the sun  
A pris'ner in the yet undawning east,  
Short'ning his journey between morn and noon,  
And hurrying him impatient of his stay  
Down to the rosy west. But kindly still  
Compensating his loss with added hours  
Of social converse and instructive ease,  
And gathering at short notice in one group  
The family dispers'd, and fixing thought  
Not less dispers'd by daylight and its cares.  
I crown thee king of intimate delights,  
Fire-side enjoyments, home-born happiness,  
And all the comforts that the lowly roof  
Of undisturb'd retirement, and the hours  
Of long uninterrupted evening know.  
No rattling wheels stop short before these gates ;  
No powder'd pert proficient in the art  
Of sounding an alarm, assaults these doors  
Till the street rings. No stationary steeds  
Cough their own knell, while heedless of the sound  
The silent circle fan themselves, and quake :  
But here the needle plies its busy task.  
The pattern grows, the well-depicted flow'r  
Wrought patiently into the snowy lawn  
Unfolds its bosom, buds, and leaves, and sprigs,  
And curling tendrils, gracefully dispos'd,  
Follow the nimble finger of the fair,  
A wreath that cannot fade, of flow'rs that blow  
With most success when all besides decay.  
The poet's or historian's page, by one  
Made vocal for th' amusement of the rest ;  
The sprightly lyre, whose treasure of sweet sounds  
The touch from many a trembling chord shakes out ;  
And the clear voice symphonious, yet distinct,  
And in the charming strife triumphant still,  
Beguile the night, and set a keener edge  
On female industry ; the threaded steel  
Flies swiftly, and unfelt the task proceeds.

*Cowper.*

## CARDINAL WOLSEY.



This celebrated cardinal, and minister of state under Henry VIII., was the son of a butcher at Ipswich, in Suffolk, and born there in 1471. After finishing his education at Oxford, he became tutor to the sons of the Marquis of Dorset; was subsequently domestic chaplain to the archbi-

shop of Canterbury; and, on going to court, he gained the favour of Henry VII., who sent him on an embassy to the Emperor of Germany, and, on his return, made him dean of Lincoln. Henry VIII. gave him the living of Torrington, in Devon, and afterwards appointed him register of the Garter, and canon of Windsor. He next obtained the deanery of York, and, attending the king to Tournay, in France, was made bishop of that city. In 1514 he was advanced to the see of Lincoln, and the year following to the archbishopric of York. Insatiable in the pursuit of emolument, he obtained the administration of the see of Bath and Wells, and the temporalities of the abbey of St. Albans; soon after which he enjoyed in succession the rich bishoprics of Durham and Winchester. By such means, his revenues nearly equalled those of the crown; part of these he expended in pomp and ostention, and part in laudable munificence for the advancement of learning. He founded several lectures in Oxford, where he also erected the college of Christ-church, and built a palace at Hampton Court, which he presented to the king. He was at this time in the zenith of power, and had a complete ascendancy over the mind of Henry, who made him lord chancellor, and obtained for him a cardinalship. He was also nominated the pope's legate; but having given offence to the king, by not promoting his divorce, he fell into disgrace, and his property was confiscated. In 1530 he was apprehended at York; but was taken ill, and died on his way to London, exclaiming, "Had I but served my God as faithfully as I have served my king he would not have given me over in my grey hairs."

The progress of the ambition and greatness of Wolsey forms a rare and a splendid history; but what would it have been without his fall? Had he gone down to his grave in the fulness of his age, and the undiminished strength of his power, it would have been merely regarded as a wondrous career of prosperity, and would have excited but little curiosity in posterity, but his decline came to fix it on the heart of all time. Never was a mortal's fortune so complete in its light and shade, in the height and depth, as his. While we are gazing on the authority and gay pageantries of the long life of the great man, as on the brightness of a summer morn that seems as if it would shine on for ever, suddenly the clouds lower over head, the lightning blazes abroad, the tempest falls with deluging torrents, and a

rending thunderbolt, and, when it is past, we gaze in silent astonishment on blackened desolation. Such was Wolsey's fall, and as such was it one of the most complete and perfect things in the history of man. The hold which he had so long on that fierce and lion-like monarch, that passionate and capricious king, was amazing; but at once it gives way, and down he goes for ever! But, great as he was in his prosperity, so is he great in his ruin. There are those who accuse him of servility and meanness, but they do not well comprehend human nature. Wolsey knew his master and himself; and the immortal Shakespere, whose own breast was the representative of the universal heart of man, has shewn that he rightly judged of Wolsey's spirit in his delineation of him at this crisis. Wolsey knew himself. He knew his own proud ambition, and he knew that his story must for ever stand a brilliant point in the annals of his country; but to give to it an effect that would cover a multitude of sins, and make him, who had hitherto been a daring adventurer, and a despot of no mean degree, an object of lasting commiseration, it was necessary to sink with dignity, and die with penitence. He knew his master—and his favour once gone, his resentment at its highest pitch, by the thwarting of his passions; his cupidity once kindled; there was nothing to expect but destruction, certain, and at hand.

“Nay, then, farewell!

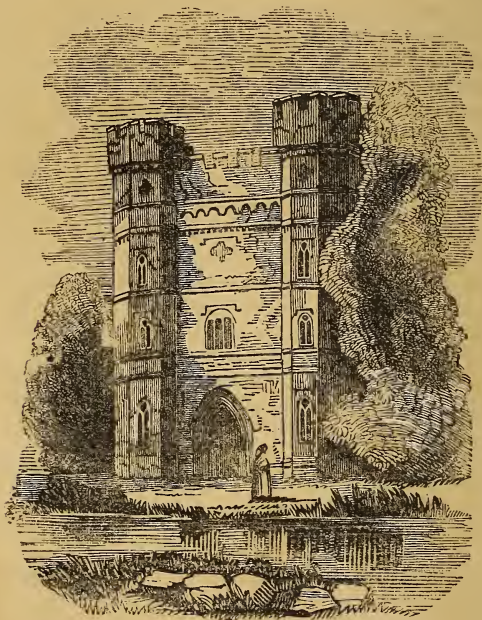
I have touched the highest point of all my greatness  
And from the full meridian of my glory  
I haste now to my setting: I shall fall  
Like a bright exhalation in the evening,  
And no man see me more.”

In the contemplation of a character like Wolsey in his abased condition, we are so much affected by his humility, his candour, and his sorrow, that we forget his former haughtiness and his crimes.

However much of policy there may have been in this conduct of the disgraced prelate and prime minister, as history will not suffer us to doubt there was, yet it would be more than uncharitable, it would be false to human nature, not to give him credit for feeling deeply the vanity of his past career, and for discovering thus, in his last hour, in what the true glory and blessing of humanity really consist.

At Esher in Surrey is situated “Wolsey's Tower,” the

remains of a mansion repaired by him; hither he retired after his disgrace, and there continued for several weeks,



till he obtained permission from Henry VIII. to return to Richmond.

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ANECDOTES OF NAPOLEON.

The allied powers had appointed commissaries to conduct Napoleon to the Island of Elba. The departure was fixed for the 20th April. On the night preceding this departure, Constant, the valet-de-chambre, and the Mameluke Roustan, imitated the grand dignitaries of the Empire, and abandoned their master.

On the 20th, at mid-day, the Emperor descended into the court *du Cheval Blanc*, which was lined by the Imperial Guard. There were but few adherents left, amongst whom

stood forth, prominently, the Duke of Bassano and General Belliard. At his approach the hearts of the soldiers bounded, and their eyes filled with tears. The Emperor announced by a gesture that he would speak, and immediately there was a religious silence, in order that every one might hear and gather the last words of the great man to his chosen warriors.

"Generals, officers, subalterns, and soldiers of my old guard," said he, "I bid you farewell: for twenty years, I have been pleased with you; I have always found you on the road to glory.

"The allied powers have armed all Europe against me; a portion of the army has betrayed its duties, and France herself has desired other destinies.

"With you and the brave men who have been true to me, I could have maintained a civil for three years; but France



would have been unhappy; and this would have been contrary to the object which I had proposed to myself.

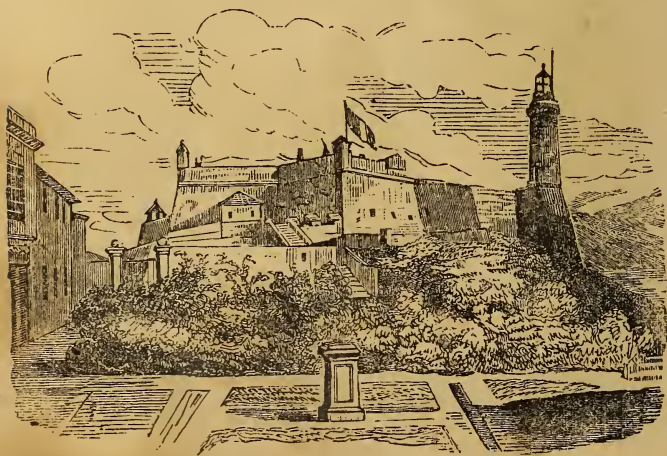
"Be faithful to the new king whom France has chosen ; never abandon our dear country, too long unhappy ! Always love, always love this dear country well.

"Do not pity my fate ; I shall be always happy, if I know that you are so.

"I could have died ; nothing would have been easier : but I ever pursue the path of honour. I have yet to write that which we have done.

"I cannot embrace you all ; but I will embrace your general. . . . Come, General. . . . (He folded General Petit in his arms.) Let them bring me the eagle. . . . (He kissed it.) Dear eagle ! may these kisses resound in the heart of every brave man ! . . . Adieu, my children ! . . . My wishes will always accompany you ; retain me in your memories."

At these words the sobs of the soldiers broke forth ; all surrounding the Emperor were bathed in tears, and he also, not less moved, tore himself from this heart-rending scene, by flinging himself into a carriage, where General Bertrand had already seated himself. The signal for starting was immediately given. Napoleon left Fontainebleau, accompanied by



the grand marshal, by Generals Drouot and Cambrone, and a few others who desired to associate themselves with the fidelity of these brave warriors. Everywhere, on the road, even

to the confines of Provence, he heard around his carriage the cries of 'Live the Emperor!' This constancy of the people moved and consoled him. He then comprehended that, despite the unpopular tendency of certain acts which might have contributed to his fall, the Bourbons would not succeed in abolishing in France the veneration of his name.

On the evening of the 26th, he arrived near Luc, and slept at the house of a deputy of the Legislative Body, where he met with the Princess Pauline. The next day, he was at Frejus; and after a sojourn of twenty-four hours in this town embarked at eight o'clock in the evening for the Island of Elba.

Napoleon anchored in the roads of Porto Ferrajo on the 3rd May, on the same day that Louis XVIII. arrived at Paris. The authorities of the Island of Elba hastened to



compliment their sovereign, on board the English frigate which had brought him. On the following day, the Emperor landed, and was saluted by a hundred and one discharges of cannon. All the population, having at its head the municipality and the clergy, went to meet him.

"It was," says an eye-witness, "a curious and touching spectacle for the Emperor and his suite, to witness the unfeigned joy of the young Elbans, and the enthusiasm of

these simple fishermen, who, for a long time, delighted in persuading the French soldiers to relate to them many of the striking exploits and memorable victories, with which the name of Napoleon was always associated. His renown and reverses were equally imposing. The calm, the gaiety even with which the Emperor questioned the humblest citizens, contributed to increase the enthusiasm."

Napoleon occupied himself with the administration of the Island of Elba, as though he had seriously intended to reign there for a lengthened period; as if the activity of his genius must not have felt itself speedily shackled within the limits of so narrow a sovereignty. He studied the productions of the island, and prepared throughout important ameliorations.

On the 26th May, Cambrone arrived with the brave soldiers of the old guard, who had desired to share the exile of the Emperor. Shortly after, the Princess Pauline and Madame Letitia repaired to Napoleon, whom they would not again quit.

\* \* \* \* \*

If it had been said of Napoleon, in 1813, that he had remade the bed of the Bourbons, in their turn, they were about to re-open for him the path to the throne. As soon as Napoleon became thoroughly acquainted with the situation of France, and was advised of the fate reserved for him by the congress of Vienna, he hesitated no longer, and his resolution was soon taken. Much has been said of his understandings in France and Italy, of his emissaries, of his correspondents, of his accomplices; for it was striven to attribute his departure from the Island of Elba to a plot. It is now certain, however, that his conspiracy was confined to himself, that he consulted no one as to his projects, and that on the evening preceding his departure every one was ignorant of it at Porto Ferrajo, with the exception of Drouot and Bertrand.

It was on the 26th February, 1815, at one o'clock in the afternoon, that Napoleon bade his guard prepare for their departure. The greatest enthusiasm was immediately manifested by these brave men, whose ardour and devotion were increased by the mother and sister of the Emperor, who were stationed at the windows of the palace. On all sides nothing was heard but the cry: "Paris or death!"

A proclamation shortly made the official announcement to the inhabitants of the Island of Elba that the Emperor Napoleon was about leaving them. "Our august sovereign,"

said the governor (General Lapi), "recalled by Providence to the career of glory, is forced to leave your island; he has entrusted the command thereof to me; the administration to a junta of six of the inhabitants, and the defence of the fortress to your devotion and bravery."



"I leave the Island of Elba," said Napoleon, "extremely satisfied with the conduct of its inhabitants; I confide to them the defence of this country, to which I attach the greatest importance; I cannot give them a greater proof of my confidence than by leaving my mother and sister to their care; the members of the junta and all the inhabitants of the island may rely on my good-will and especial protection."

By four o'clock in the evening the four hundred men of the old guard were on board the brig *Inconstant*; five other

small vessels received two hundred light-infantry, a hundred Polish light-horse, and a battalion of *flanquers*. At eight o'clock in the evening, the Emperor, accompanied by Generals Bertrand and Drouot, embarked in the *Inconstant*. A gun gave the signal of departure, and the flotilla set sail.

The wind, at first favourable, became suddenly contrary, and drove the vessels back towards the island. It was proposed to re-enter Porto-Ferrajo, but the Emperor refused. During the passage he occupied himself in dictating proclamations to the people and the army, which were eagerly copied by the soldiers. It was not until three o'clock on the 1st March that he entered the Gulf of Juan. Before disembarking, he dismounted the cockade of Elba, and adopted the *tri-color*; his soldiers imitated his example with loud shouts of "Vive l'Empereur! Vive la France!" A landing was immediately effected at the port of Cannes; the Emperor being the last to go on shore. Whilst his staff busied themselves with the encampment of the little troop, and prepared a bivouac on the sea-shore, he walked forward unaccompanied, to question the peasants. Towards one o'clock in the morning, the bivouac was broken up, and Napoleon marched at the head of his noble phalanx, in the direction of Grasse. As he proceeded part of the way on foot, he stumbled and fell several times. One of his soldiers seeing him rise unruffled, said to his comrades: "Well done, *Jean de l'epee*, (this was the name by which they familiarly designated Napoleon amongst themselves) must not hurt himself to-day, he must first be *Jean de Paris*!"

Napoleon arrived at Gap on the 5th March, where he was received with the same demonstrations of joy that had burst forth every where on the road. After the attempts of the counter revolution which had marked the return, the ephemeral reign of Louis XVIII., the inhabitants of Dauphiny, who were profoundly attached to the Revolution, saluted with transport the liberating genius who came to the succour of equality, so long defended by him, and now menaced by the Bourbons.

Napoleon quitted the chief place of the upper Alps, followed by the acclamations of the entire population. At St. Bonnet, the inhabitants offered to sound the tocsin, and raise a levy *en masse*, in order to reinforce his escort, which they believed too feeble to conduct him to Paris, through the midst of the numerous garrisons stationed on the road. "No," he replied to them; "your sentiments convince me

that I have not been deceived; they are to me a sure guarantee of the sentiments of my soldiers; those whom I shall meet, will range themselves by my side; the more numerous they may be, the more my success will be assured; rest tranquil, therefore, in your homes."

As the emperor approached Grenoble, his advanced guard met a detachment of the 5th regiment of the line, which had been dispatched by General Marchand to arrest his progress. One of General Marchand's officers, a colonel, who led the party, restrained the soldiers by the empire of discipline. As soon as Napoleon was made aware of this, he proceeded to the advance-guard, dismounted, and marched in front of the battalion, which threatened to give a fatal example to the rest of the army. His guard followed, with their arms reversed, in order to indicate their intention of attempting nothing by force. "What! my friends," he exclaimed, "do you not recognize me; I am your Emperor; if there is a soldier among you who would kill his general, his Emperor, let him do so; I am here!" In pronouncing these last words, he bared his chest. The officer in command wished to seize this moment to bid them fire; but his voice was immediately drowned by the cries of '*Vive l'Empereur!*' the enthusiastic words met with a thousand echoes, from the peasants on the hills; and in an instant the battalion of the 5th, the sappers and miners, were confounded with the brave men from the Island of Elba, whom they embraced as brothers.

*Life of Napoleon.*

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THE DRUIDS' STONE.

While toiling along those wild wastes (in Portugal) I observed, a little way to my left, a pile of stones of rather a singular appearance, and rode up to it. It was a Druidical altar, and the most perfect and beautiful of the kind which I had ever seen. It was circular, and consisted of stones immensely large and heavy at the bottom, which towards the top became thinner and thinner, having been fashioned by the hand of art to something of the shape of scollop shells. These were surmounted by a large flat stone, which slanted down towards the south, where was a door. Three or four individuals might have taken shelter within the interior, in which was growing a small thorn tree. I gazed with reverence and awe upon the pile where the first colonies of Europe

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offered their worship to the unknown God. The temples of the mighty and skilful Roman, comparatively of modern date, have crumbled to dust in its neighbourhood. The churches of the Arian Goth, his successor in power, have sunk beneath the earth, and are not to be found; and the mosques of the Moor, the conqueror of the Goth, where and what are they? Upon the rock, masses of hoary and vanishing ruin. Not so the Druids' stone; there it stands on the hill of winds as strong and as freshly new as the day, perhaps thirty centuries back, when it was first raised by means which are a mystery. Earthquakes have heaved it, but failed to sweep it from its station; the burning sun has flashed upon it, but neither split nor crumbled it; and time, stern old time, has rubbed it with his iron tooth, and with what effect, let those who view it declare. There it stands, and he who wishes to study the literature, the learning, and the history of the ancient Celt and Cymbrian, may gaze on its broad covering, and glean from that blank stone the whole known amount. The Roman has left behind him his deathless writings, his history, and his songs; the Goth his liturgy, his traditions, and the germs of noble institutions; the Moor his chivalry, his discoveries in medicine, and the foundation of modern commerce; and where is the memorial of the Druidic races? Yonder, that pile of eternal stone!

*Borrow.*

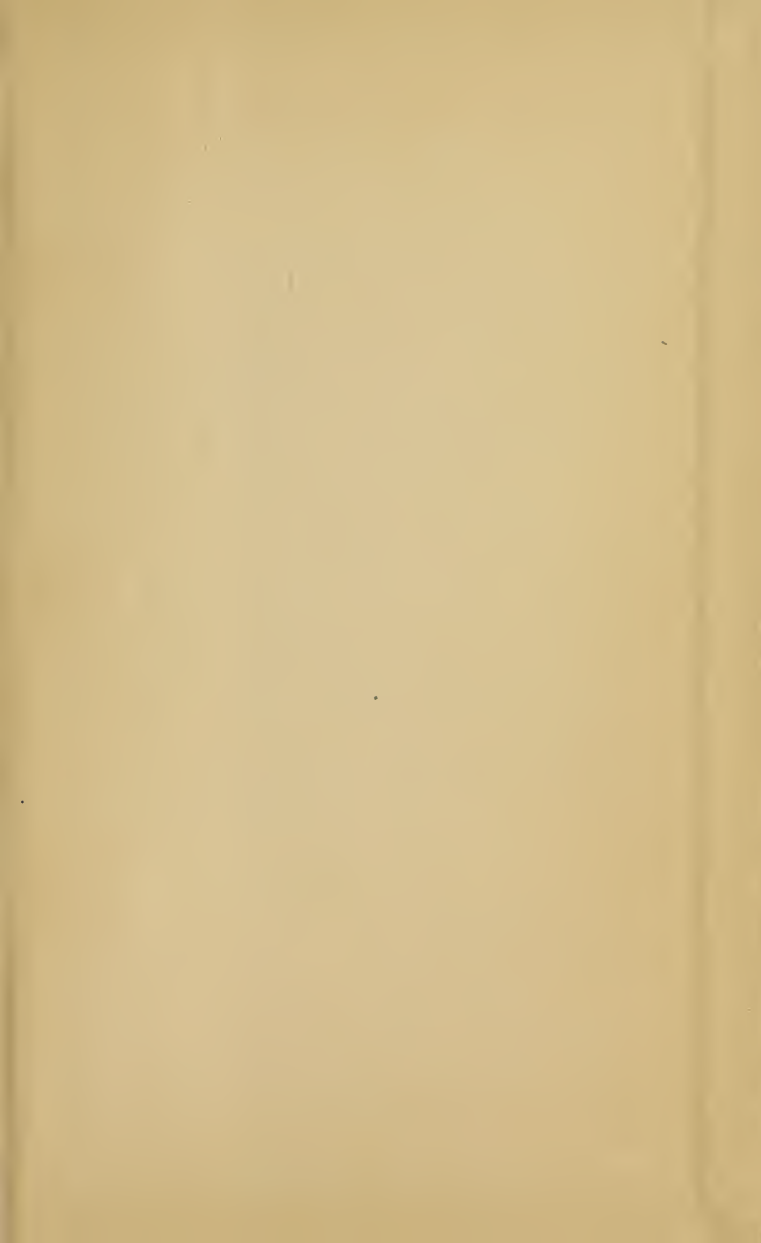


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